

MOSAICS 1903

VOLUME III



1843 - 1903

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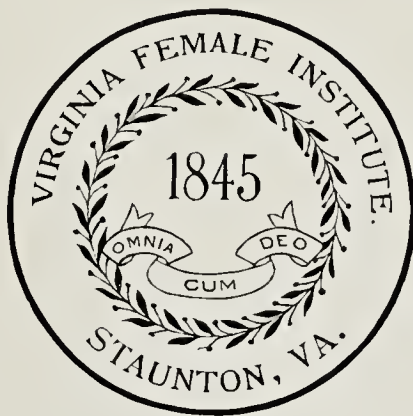
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MOSAICS

1903



1843 - 1903

Volume III

STAUNTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

The Virginia Female Institute

Stamton, Va.

Colors :

Red White and Red

Yell :

Hobble ! Gobble ! Hobble ! Gobble !

Hip, si, hi !

Uive-a-la ! Uive-a-la !

U. F. I.

Inboration.

Come thou Goddess fair and free,
In Heaven yeapt Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth.
Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful Jollity,
Quips, and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods, and Becks, and wreathed Smiles
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And lobe to lobe in dimple sleek;
Spart that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides:--
Come, and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty.

--L'Allegro.

Dedication.

TO the little heap of ashes—all that is left of our once bright hopes for literary glory—we feelingly dedicate this final attempt. When first we looked upon these charred and blackened bits of paper that had meant to us so many hours of anxious work, and realized that this, and this alone, remained to tell the tale of all our lofty aspirations, our hearts sank. And whose would not have failed beneath a calamity so vast and so unlooked for? But, as we gazed in sorrow, suddenly there came to us the vision of the phoenix-bird rising from his bed of cinders fairer and more radiant than ever before. Then hope came back to our despairing hearts, and taking this immortal bird as our happy omen, we resolved that our “Little Booke,” too, should rise from the ruins of past toils and go forth into the world a worthier tribute, if possible, to our dear Alma Mater. So, filled with a zeal hitherto undreamed of, and a determination to succeed, we have worked and planned and written till having, as we believe, snatched a greater victory from defeat, we dare to stand before the world and say : Behold the Result !

LOUISE C. BRISCOE.



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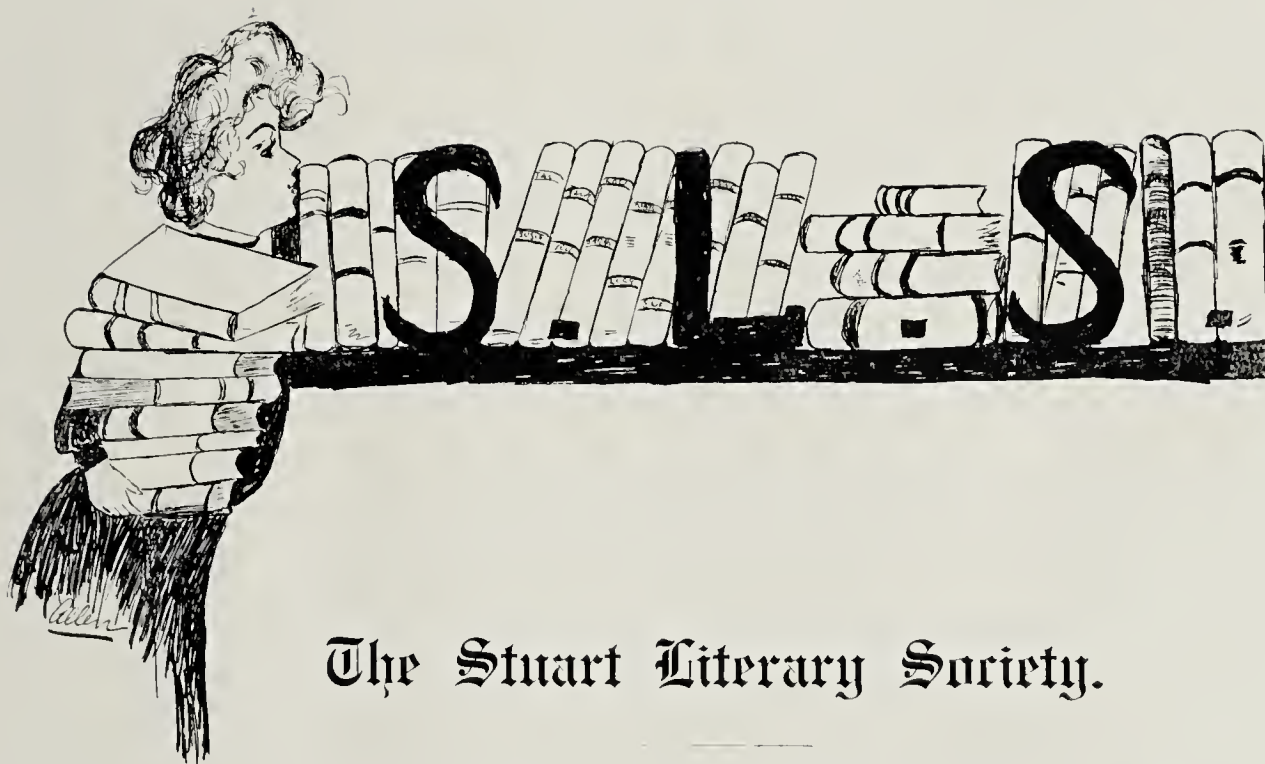
Editorial.

MAY we speak for a moment to you who, as a stranger to the V. F. I. of '03, are about to glance through this Annual and glean from it your knowledge of our girls as class or club members, as joke-makers, as authors, or as individuals?

In contemplating us as class members you will see, we hope, our pride and patriotism in our classes, each one of which, at least in the judgment of its own members, is undoubtedly the strongest and most original there ever was or will be. Our clubs have at least this value: They are a genuine part of our school and are not gotten up to take up space and to make the book attractive. As to our jokes, they are very dear to us and must indeed have a place in any true picture of school-girl life. As authors we appeal to your leniency and we hope for your praise. Perhaps our productions are not wonderful as yet, but can you not, kind reader, perceive, in some at least, the germ of genius? Will you not look through the crudeness of youth to the real talent of thought and expression and predict a glorious future for our girls?

Then think of the difficulty of our position as young and inexperienced editors, look at our productions with a lenient eye and find, in its varied characteristics, what we have tried to put there—a true picture of the most essential of the many, many phases of existence which give color and form to the Mosaic of the life at V. F. I.

LOULIE A. SNEAD.



The Stuart Literary Society.

WHEN the first copy of MOSAICS appeared, the Stuart Literary Society consisted of eighteen girls, who met once a month in Miss Whitfield's classroom and bravely and hopefully planned and plotted for the publication of a school Annual. Since that time many and varying have been the fortunes of the society. So many girls of talent have come to the school that we have felt that we could not afford to limit our numbers so as to debar any one from membership. Gradually in pursuance of this plan, our roll has been enlarged until finally in the fall of this session the old members decided to increase the power and influence of the society by drawing up a formal constitution and by dividing the society into two chapters. Thus it was that the Tau Beta and Sigma Chapters came into existence, and thus it is that the eighteen girls, who so bravely sent forth that first simple attempt, became the founders of a society which should nourish and control the literary life of the school and of a year-book which should go forth each spring bearing to the old girls tidings of the growth and life of the dear old school whose memory brightens their lives.

L. A. S.

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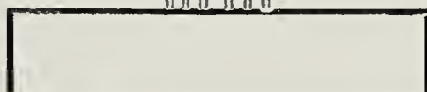


MAGAZINE EDITORS.

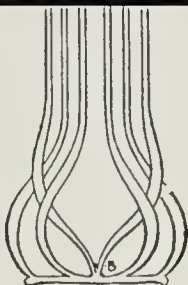
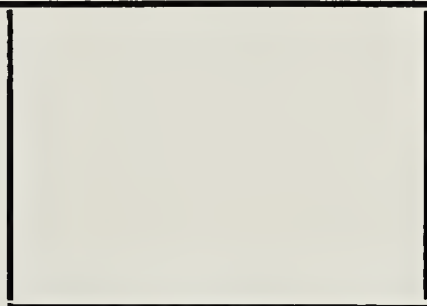
I want to be an author—
 My hand up to my face ;
 A thought upon my forehead—
 An air of studied grace.

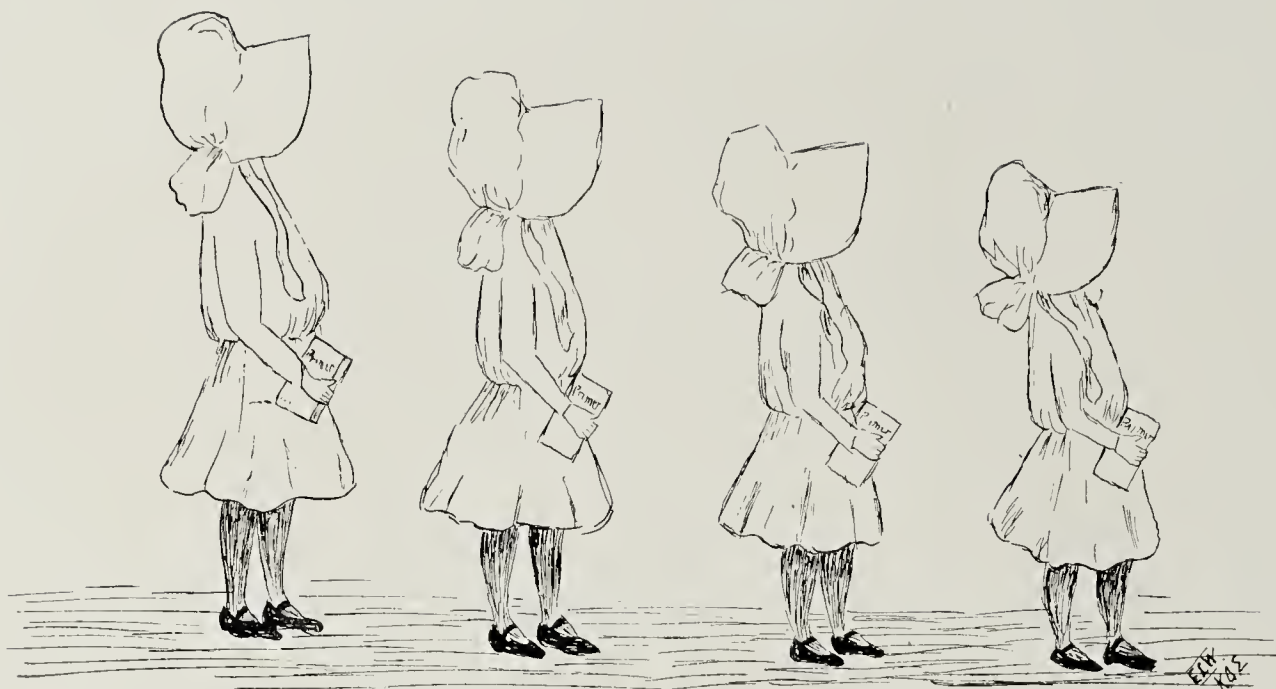
I want to be an author
 With genius on my brow ;
 I want to be an author,
 And I want to be IT now !

—DROCH.



	Class Organizations	
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Senior Class.

CLASS COLORS :
Blue and White.

CLASS FLOWER :
Orange Blossoms.

MOTTO :
Oublier je ne puis.

Officers.

CARRIE K. CONWAY	<i>President</i>
LOULIE A. SNEAD	<i>Vice-President—Prophet</i>
SALLIE F. HIGGINBOTHAM	<i>Historian</i>
LOUISE C. BRISCOE	<i>Poet—Dreamer</i>



SENIOR CLASS.

Senior Class Song.

TUNE: "*The One That He Loves Best.*"

Sing of the White and Blue,
Then of the Motto True,
Sing of friends and frolics.
Think of the work to be done,
Then of the Class-day fun;
Live in the hope of the Morrow.

On Commencement Day
When we go far away,
Laden with our honors,
They will all declare that there's no Class like
Naughty-three!

No! There has been and can be and never will be
No! There's no Class like the Class of
Nineteen-three.
One that we call our own,
One that stands alone,
One that's best of all!

CHORUS:

For the Freshmen wave their red and black,
And sing of future years,
And the Sophs and Juniors march along
As though they had no peers.

But there is a class at V. F. I.
Better far than all these three:
'T is the first and glorious Senior Class—
Immortal Class of Nineteen-three!!!

CARRIE K. CONWAY.

Chapter One of the Senior Chronicle.

MAY the shades of Tacitus and Green lend their assistance in the stupendous task before me! To be a Senior Class is a distinction, but to be the first Senior Class under the new régime adds great weight to our importance and dignity. We have not had the privilege of passing through the various stages of class life—or, perhaps I should rather say, we have had the privilege of not passing through them—but from floating members of the school at large we were suddenly transformed into “dignified Seniors.”

But although we are in our infancy as a class, our short life has been full and varied. A few days after school opened the names of the four girls constituting the graduating class of 1903 were read to the school, and we were given certain privileges which we lost no time in carrying into effect. Then came our first official meeting, for no less important an object than the election of officers, and the business in hand was dispatched with a precision and form eminently worthy of our high rank. After this came a series of meetings to decide upon class colors, a pin, motto, etc. We had chosen our colors and were still discussing the other questions, when there occurred the one sad event in our history; and for a time after Miss Hester's departure there followed a stillness and a dearth of meetings which raised a doubt as to the existence of a Senior Class organization. To her support and voluntary assistance the Senior Class will willingly bear its tribute of appreciation, and the message we would have MOSAICS carry her can be no better expressed than in the words of the motto she herself suggested to us, “Oublier je ne puis.”

By the aid of several called meetings for the purpose of writing to Miss Hester we were gradually drawn back into our old life. Since then there have been “red-letter days” and business meetings of importance, but the meetings that mean most to us and which we shall remember above all others are not these official meetings, but the promenades, four abreast, while less fortunate and more fallible mortals were confessing their sins in the study hall, and the various impromptu gatherings when we were drawn together by the bond of a common affliction.

Such, in brief, has been our official record so far; but the greatest is yet to come, for we are to have the privilege of celebrating the first class-day in the

history of the Institute. Great are our anticipations for this day, but MOSAICS of '03 can not wait to give you an account of it. It will remain for the succeeding generation of Seniors to tell you of our last days at the V. F. I.

It is not the purpose of this sketch to give an individual account of the four girls who compose the Senior Class. Personalities would be embarrassing—in two different ways. But we are proud, and justly so, of the ability and the achievements of our fellow-Seniors. The records of the school will show that among the distinguished girls in recent years—the medalists, honor girls, and those who have won prizes in various departments—the Senior Class of 1903 has an enviable representation. The collegiate medal of 1900, the composition prize of 1901, the scholarship, the elocution prize, the medal in gymnastics, and the composition prize of 1902—such are among the honors shared by our President and Vice-President. But our maidenly modesty, both as a class and as individuals, will not allow us to expatiate at greater length on our attainments.

In this limited history we have not been able to go into details, as Mr. Green would have us do; we have emphasized only some parts of our school-life, but we would not have you fall into error through any omission of ours. If there is any one who contemplates our exalted position with envious glances, and thinks that ours is a "primrose path," we would refer her for accurate information to members of our class, and if she succeeds in finding them when they are not spending their out-of-school hours ensconced behind a belligerent-looking "No-ad," writing page after page of essays, poems, stories, etc., for the *Inlook* and MOSAICS, they will take pleasure in relieving her tender brain of any erroneous opinion on a subject of such great importance to those who anticipate becoming "grave and reverend Seniors."

Yet a little longer and then our bond of fellowship will be broken, and we shall go forth from the sheltering arms of our Alma Mater into the "wide, wide world," carrying with us many pleasant recollections of our class life, and leaving behind us a heritage of best wishes for those who take our place.

SALLIE F. HIGGINBOTHAM.

Senior Prophecy.

BEING class prophet, I had sought for some time to have intercourse with some one who had to do with familiar spirits. At last I found satisfaction in a stolen interview with a gypsy, from which I returned to the conventionalities of life with heart very much lightened and conscience very much burdened. That night I remembered my business with the future and stole away to a darkened room.

Holding the box carefully, I selected one of the tapers which I found it contained, and murmuring—

“ From deeds of light I turn away,
I seek thee out, and not by day :
Then show me future wonders, pray,
Oh, weird wind wanderer Woonasway ! ”

I gently rubbed it along the rough surface. It sputtered, crackled, and a tiny blue flame appeared at one end which seemed to spread out into a path of silver light.

Breathlessly I looked, knowing that now indeed I was to see into the future. The flame flared up and I found myself in the midst of a crowded theater. Every seat was taken, and as the curtain rolled up, the thousands leaned breathlessly forward. There was an expectant hush, then suddenly, a thousand acclamations rent the air as there stepped full into the glare of the footlights the world-famed actress in the rôle of Lady Macbeth. For a moment she stood there smiling, then, with a gesture, changed the deafening clamor into a silence vibrant with feeling. The play went on. There before us stood Lady Macbeth herself. Surely, no face could so perfectly express unreal feeling ; no actress ever had such perfect command of her voice as to sway thousands into a shuddering belief in horrors first of commission and then of soul. But when it was all over, and she came again to still the wonderful applause, I caught a glimpse of another person than the actress, and leaping to my feet in amazement, I called her name.

Instantly the scene faded, and I found myself back in my dark room. “ Dear old president,” I murmured, “ so her brilliance in elocution and her magnetism are indeed the germ of genius.”

But time was passing, and I seized the second taper. Again the light flared around me, but this time I felt almost bewildered as it softened and flickered to the subdued twilight of a sick-chamber. On the bed the wan, pale features of an invalid lay, surrounded and propped by pillows, but there was an eagerness in the eyes which made me follow them to the door, and there I saw some one who made

me laugh indeed. A short, jolly little person she was. Firm determination, mingled with a dreamy, far-away look, gave her face, which smiled from beneath a nurse's cap, an exceedingly interesting and peculiar attraction. She held a bunch of jonquils and a note in her hand, and a riotous spirit of mischief shone from her eyes.

"Oh, you delicious old Louise!" I cried; but, as the taper burned low, I caught the next one up and in a moment was following the fortunes of our historian.

This time I found myself unmistakably in a newspaper office. Musty piles of papers lay around, heaps of foreign correspondence, a crowd of empty bottles and inky pens. In the midst, at a heaped-up desk, a girl sat lost in rapid writing of some kind. Boys hurried to and fro, bringing telegrams or moist proof-sheets; a man poked his head in to ask some technical question, and glancing at the inscription on the glazed door, I read, "Office of German Correspondent." "Sallie!" I fairly shrieked; and at my words she looked up, a smile gradually spread over her face, and then: "Unless I'm mistaken, there's a smudge of ink on my thermometrical nose," she said.

But alas! this scene too was gone and the last taper alone lay in the box. I drew it out slowly, half determined to leave this part of the future unknown, but I thought of my prophecy and doubtfully drew it out. The light itself seemed doubtful, but finally it flared up and I saw—oh, what a sight I did see!

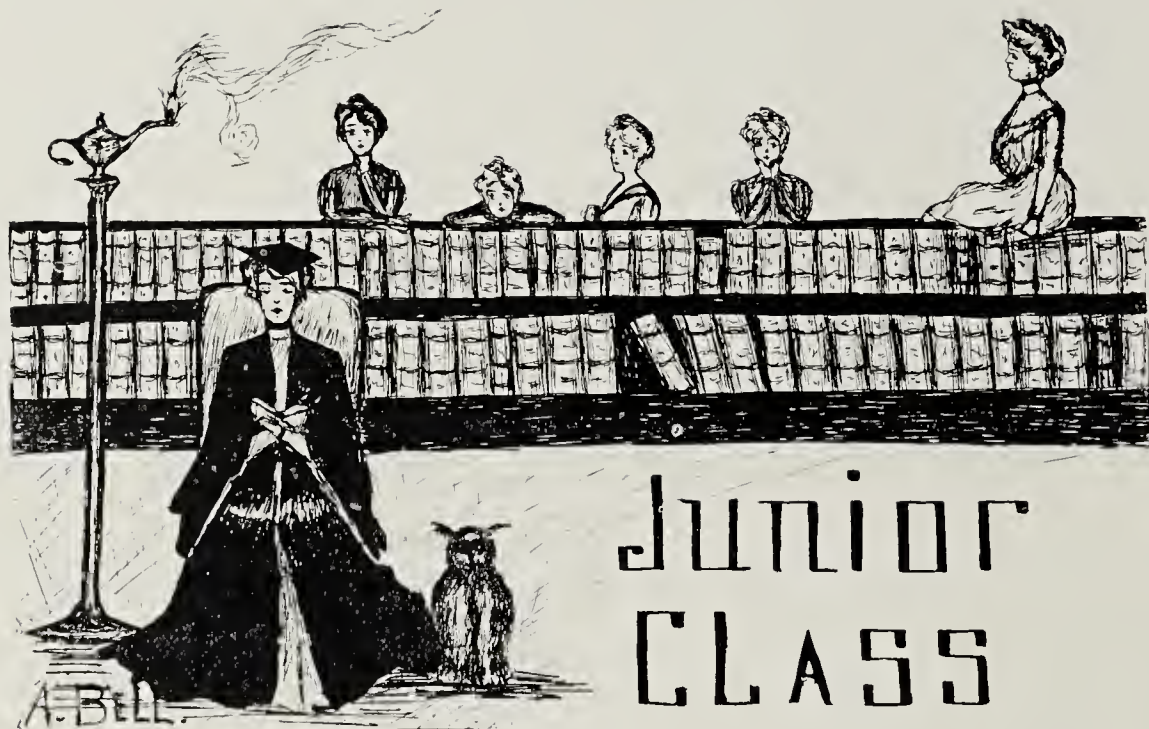
Five cats sat around a prim red hearth on which a meager fire gave heat enough to keep a spinster's kettle bubbling. Across the room two rows of double desks held some miserable-looking little children. Their little legs hung down in painfully precise rows, while their hands timidly grasped their primers. It did not take me long to find the cause of this. Over in one corner near the fire a grim giantess was sitting. Thin grey locks were caught back pitilessly, exposing a hideously bald forehead, sharp cheek-bones, turned-up nose, and huge spectacles. A great giant frame she had, with two arms which hung in helpless awkwardness, and whose feet, planted firmly on the floor, seemed never to have known the day when they carelessly swung in time to one of the melodies floating from the music hall.

I would have groaned, only it was so ridiculous I had to laugh. But a wind blew upon me. I heard an impatient step, the taper went out and a sleepy voice grumbled:

"Loulie, what are you doing burning matches at this time of night and frightening us all with your imbecile laughter! You must have forgotten yourself!"

But I rose stiffly. They mustn't discover my dark dealings. "I can not forget," I said, simply.

LOULIE A. SNEAD.



Junior CLASS

COLORS:
Green and Old Gold.

MOTTO:
Volens et potens.

FLOWER:
Maréchal Niel Rose.

YELL:
Hippity-Rippity-Zip-tum-ree!
Junior Class Naughty-three!
Juniors now, but finals o'er,
Then we 're Seniors of 1904!

Officers.

ELSIE WELLFORD	<i>President</i>
HALLIE HENKEL	<i>Vice-President and Prophet</i>
LOUISE FONTAINE	<i>Secretary, Treasurer, and Historian</i>

Class Roll.

ANNE BERKELEY	HALLIE HENKEL
LOUISE EAKLE	ELOISE JORDAN
LOUISE FONTAINE	BONNIE SNYDER
ANNA GOLDSBOROUGH	ELSIE WELLFORD

Irregular Members.

ANNE BELL	LELIA BLAIR
BESSIE FRAZIER	EVELYN TALBOT
NANNIE WADDILL	



JUNIOR CLASS.

Junior Class History, 1903.

A CLASS history, a Junior Class, and above all the Junior Class of '03 of the Virginia Female Institute. Being the first of our name, we are naturally anxious to signalize ourselves; and what better way of doing so could we find than by writing up our story for MOSAICS? From an ill-organized set we have become a legally incorporated body, endowed with name, motto, colors, flower, yell, and all the insignia of such bands. Our first meeting, held early in November, was a spirited affair, voting and petitions being the order of the day. The former was an exciting contest for the presidency and vice-office, *we* having enough candidates for office to go 'round. The chosen ones were Elsie Wellford, president; Hallie Henkel, vice-president. A committee then conferred with Miss Hester, and the colors chosen were green and gold. Next an eloquent petition to the Faculty was drawn up, to the end that we, the Junior Class of '03, might be entitled to a class-pin; but the fates were against us, and no pin have we at all.

The next meeting of our select band was called by our president for the transaction of important business. This was none other than the election of ten girls to serve as a reception committee for Institute gaieties, an honor which in future is to belong exclusively to the Junior Class.

The history of the class from this time up to March is a blank, so far as actual meeting and agitation are concerned; but the far-seeing minds of our readers might fill up the space with good solid Junior work, and then not go far wrong. I may add that the following would be an appropriate class song, should no other be forthcoming, taken, as you may recollect, from Miss Monflathers's original thought:

“ In work, work, work, in work alway,
Let my first years be passed,
That I may give for every day
Some good account at last ! ”

The faithful few who attended the last class-meeting on March 16th, having voted themselves the cream of the whole thing, proceeded to the following business: The prophet's, historian's, and poet's offices were purposely left vacant,

basing the choice to be on the principle of the survival of the fittest. Louise Fontaine was named secretary and treasurer. The Maréchal Niel rose was chosen as our floral representative, and a spicy yell was composed, a sample of which was given on the spot.

And this is as far as our subject allows us to go: should we stray further we should trespass on the domain of our contemporary, the prophet. However, we can only say that our beginning seems to justify day-dreams for a future as rosy as our past. May we ever maintain our rep, and, if we can do no better, let us at least rival in glory the Seniors of '03!

N. B.—Let me add that if any one finds more than a spice of self-approbation in this record, he will understand that it is positively the only way to keep from being totally extinguished by the monumental conceit of the Seniors who, in the most astonishing way, consider themselves the salt of the earth.

LOUISE S. FONTAINE.



The Future of the Junior Class of '03.

WHEN one thinks of the members who compose our Junior Class, it is impossible not to predict for it and for them a bright future. With Elsie, a fine student and artist; with Anna, so devotedly attached to basket-ball; with Louise, our secretary, who writes plays, and studies; with Anne and all the rest, who dig at their books so untiringly, it becomes evident that we shall be distinguished in all departments.

At the Commencement of '04, we shall, of course, be laden with honors and diplomas. But what of the after years when we shall be separated?

Louise Fontaine and Anne will probably go to college, take all the honors, and come back wiser than the rest of their generation.

Anna, in spite of her tendency toward basket-ball, in a few years consents to make happy a certain young man at a certain university.

If asked, "Who in the future will succeed Charles Dana Gibson as the most popular artist?" I should reply: "Elizabeth Landon Wellford."

In years to come, when Louise Eakle shall be renowned as the editor of a leading magazine, we shall all say: "Behold the result of constant theme-writing at the V. F. I.!"

Bonnie, whose enthusiasm we all know, will in the sweet by and by be famous as the president of the "Federation of Women's Clubs of America."

When we return after many years to visit our Alma Mater we shall see something very familiar in the face of its principal. "Eloise!" we exclaim, "who would have guessed it!"

Hallie, who is of an inquiring disposition, will probably marry in her fortieth year an Arctic explorer and depart with him for the North Pole.

But whatever our varying fortunes may be,
At present we're the Juniors of Naughty-three.

HALLIE HENKEL.



Sophomore Class

CLASS COLORS:
Violet and Gray.

CLASS FLOWER:
Jonquil.

MOTTO:
Le bonheur viendra.

YELL:
Rah, Rah, Rah!
Rah, Rah, Ree!
Sophomore Class, 1903!
Hope on, toil on, never cease to strive
Till we reach the good old year, 1905!

Sophomore Officers.

First Term.

MARGARET MOORE *President*
 MARIAN ARBUCKLE *Vice-President*
 ISABEL HOWARD *Secretary and Treasurer*

Second Term.

MARGARET MOORE *President*
 MARIAN ARBUCKLE *Vice-President*
 ADELAIDE MYER *Secretary and Treasurer*
 HELEN A. WALTER *Historian*
 MARY DUKE *Prophet*

Class Roll.

MARIAN ARBUCKLE	ARCHIE BERKELEY	MARY BEST
CECELIA BRATTON	MARY DUKE	ISABEL HOWARD
MARIE KERBER	ESTHER MOON	MARGARET MOORE
ADELAIDE MYER	ALICE SMITH	SUE SMITH
KATHARINE SMOOT	MARIE THORN	HELEN WALTER
	WILLIS WILLIAMS	



SOPHOMORE CLASS.

History of the Sophomore Class.

FOUR stars—Adelaide, Alice, Marian, and Willis—having lived together for a long time, at last grew discontented with their lot and forthwith decided to invite new ones to join them, in order to form a grand class with one center of attraction. Accordingly, the invited stars came from far and wide, and in September, 1902, became the V. F. I. Constellation of Sophomores, which is now by their combined attraction one of the brightest spots in this classical heaven. There are all sorts and conditions of stars, each shining with a light peculiar to itself, and some therefore more brilliant than others. Mary and Marian, for instance, stars of the first magnitude, are burning with artistic fires, and the pictures wrought by their *charred coals* create wonder in the breasts of mortals. Margaret is *the* center of attraction, as is seen from her position, and Marian comes next in rank. These were appointed to their prominent places in November, at a great convention of the whole Constellation. At that time a shower of meteors occurred, or in other words, a swarm of Freshmen came flying through the passages to hear the news and, wonderful to relate, the fallen stars soon gained their equanimity and all joined in to give a few Sophomore yells. No wonder there are so many star-gazers when such things happen! When there were commotions in the heavens and the Sophomores were dancing like mere people, the brightest was Willis, who moved as though influenced by Terpsichore.

Now after hearing this record, who has the courage to say that the Constellation of Sophomores does not outshine all the others?

HELEN A. WALTER.

Prophecy for the Class of '05.

I TRIED and tried to write a class prophecy, but the task seemed hopeless. At last I gave up in despair, and attempted to draw a heading for our class page in the Annual. I was trying to draw our class flower, the jonquil, the emblem of hope and cheer, and thinking of our class yell—

Hope on, toil on, never cease to strive,
Till we reach the good old year, 1905.

I wondered how many of us would graduate in that year, and how many of our bright hopes for the future would be fulfilled. As I gazed at the flower it rustled, and from its heart appeared a bright rainbow figure which seemed to say,

"I am the spirit of Hope, the spirit of the Class of '05."

"Oh," I cried, "can you tell me the futures of the girls of this class?"

"No," he replied, "I am the spirit of Hope, not Prophecy, but at thy command I will call my brother spirit."

He made some movements with his arms, singing a low song, and another spirit appeared, clad in a dark, mysterious mantle, with which he hid his face. In his hand he held a tube which he handed to me. This seemed to be a kaleidoscope, for when I first looked into the eye-piece I could see nothing but a confused mass of colors. These gradually took shape, and I saw our V. F. I. study hall, beautifully decorated. The platform was crowded with girls dressed in white. Some faces were familiar, but many were new. The class which was to graduate came forward. Eagerly I gazed, and amid several new faces I recognized the familiar ones of Sue, Adelaide, May, Marie, and Archie.

"Where are the others?" Immediately all was confusion, but as the particles took shape, I recognized the dear old University gymnasium, decorated for a german. The floor was crowded with girls in gay dresses, and men in sober black. In the center of a large group of adoring men was a handsome brunette, with big brown eyes, who danced like a fairy. "Belle!" I cried; and the scene changed.

I was listening to Katherine sing with almost divine sweetness. The song ceased, for a moment there was silence, then the audience broke into a storm of applause.

The next picture was a church, in which a wedding was going on. The ceremony was just over, and as the bride's veil was thrown back I recognized the face of Willis.

This scene disappeared, and I saw a missionary hospital, where the faces of the little children turned to "Mother Margaret" as she passed through the wards, as little flowers turn to the sun.

The bell rang with a clash, the spirits disappeared, and I went to study hall, my flower not drawn, but with some ideas for my prophecy. MARY DUKE.





Freshman Class.

MOTTO:
Loyalty.

COLORS:
Red and Black.

CLASS FLOWER:
Lily of the Valley.

YELL:
Rip, rap, rah! Rip, rap, rah!
We are Freshmen! Yes we are!
We 'll be Seniors by and by
If we stay long enough at V. F. I.

Freshman Officers.

First Term.

VIRGINIA LEE	<i>President</i>
SUE BELL	<i>Vice-President</i>

Second Term.

SUSIE ROBERTSON	<i>President</i>
SUE BELL	<i>Vice-President</i>
HELEN MATTHEWS	<i>Prophet</i>
FRANCES PAGE	<i>Historian</i>

Class Roll.

SUSAN ADAMS	LENA BARKSDALE
REBA BEALE	SUE BELL
MARY BERKELEY	MELVILLE BOLLING
ELEANOR BRATTON	EDMONIA COOKE
ROBERTA COX	LILLIAN DEAR
DORA DICKENS	ALICE DUBOSE
LILLIE FURMAN	ROSA GLENN
FRANCES GREER	VIRGINIA LEE
FLORA MASON	HELEN MATTHEWS
FRANCES PAGE	FANNIE PORTER
SARAH ROBERTSON	SUSIE ROBERTSON
NELLIE SCOTT	NELLIE SHILES
CHARLOTTE SMITH	CHARLOTTE TAYLOR
SELMA THORN	JEAN WATTS
MARY WHITTLE	



FRESHMAN CLASS.

Freshman Class History.

IT WOULD seem to the world that a Freshman Class history would not be wildly interesting, and I tremble at doing anything so rash as attempting to write one, when the lofty Seniors, the stately Juniors, and even the conceited Sophomores look down so patronizingly on the "insignificant Freshies." But it seems to me that in spite of the frequent snubs we receive, our illustrious Freshmen are really worthy of note, and I think we can be justly proud of the talent in the Class of '06.

We organized in the fall of nineteen-two. We found we had the largest number of members and the girls were for the most part enthusiastic and interested in their work. Virginia Lee was elected president and Sue Bell vice-president, and two better officers would be very hard to find. It must be confessed that since then our meetings have not been any too frequent, but perhaps we can offer as an excuse our hard studying, which left little time for outside matters.

Several of our girls deserve special notice as musicians and elocutionists, and take part in the recitals as shining stars. One we are proud of for her excellent voice, for surely every one is delighted to hear Suzanne sing. In gym. and athletics we are not behind the other classes, and I think we can also claim the best dancer in school, namely, Virginia, who was voted as such last year in the Annual. We can not write themes like the Juniors, spell like the Sophs, or carry our heads in the haughty, superior way our worthy Seniors do. We can only ask your patience and encouragement until we are older and then, look out for the Class of '06! Surely, such material as we have can not fade away "unwept, unhonored, and unsung," and some day in the future the dear old V. F. I. will resound with the praises of our deeds. So I say three cheers for the glorious Red and Black and long life and a merry one to the Freshman Class of '03.

HELEN MATTHEWS.

A Prophecy.

I FOUND myself one bright June day sitting in the old V. F. I. study hall, while the crowd of white-dressed girls on the platform recalled to my memory my happy school days here. My attention was particularly attracted to the five graduates, whom I recognized as my old classmates—Sue Bell, the two Robertsons, Lena Barksdale, and Flora Mason.

While I was listening to a long address my thoughts wandered to some of my other classmates, and I wondered what had become of them. I must have fallen asleep, for some one blindfolded me and led me through long passages. Stopping at last and removing the bandage from my eyes, I saw that I was in a dimly-lighted cave with a slightly raised seat at one end. Hearing a small voice requesting me to sit down, I turned to see who the speaker was, and beheld a dwarf with a long grey beard. After conducting me to the raised seat he made a low bow and said: "Hearing your wish to see into the lives of some of your old comrades, I have conducted you here to grant your desire as far as it lies in my power." As he finished speaking the cave suddenly became utterly dark and at the opposite end there glowed a spot of light which grew larger and brighter, until I became aware that it was the scene of an army post, and under one of the trees near-by I saw an officer and his young bride. Something in the face of the newly-made wife seemed familiar, and with a start I recognized our class president, Virginia Lee.

At the exclamation I gave, the scene changed to that of a dimly-lighted opera house in Paris. From the snatches of conversation I could gather I learned that it was the début an American pupil. There was not a sound to be heard; as the young débutante came forward to the footlights, and her glorious voice rang out, something in its tones brought up recollections of an old music hall. It was the one we had prophesied so much for—Suzanne Adams.

Again the scene changed, and I saw before me great sheets of ice and snow and a man making his way across to a log hut, the one spot of bright color in the whole picture. As he reached the door and flung it open I could see in the interior of the room, a bright fire and many touches of comfort that only a woman's hand could give. A tall girl jumped up at the entrance of the man and at the cry

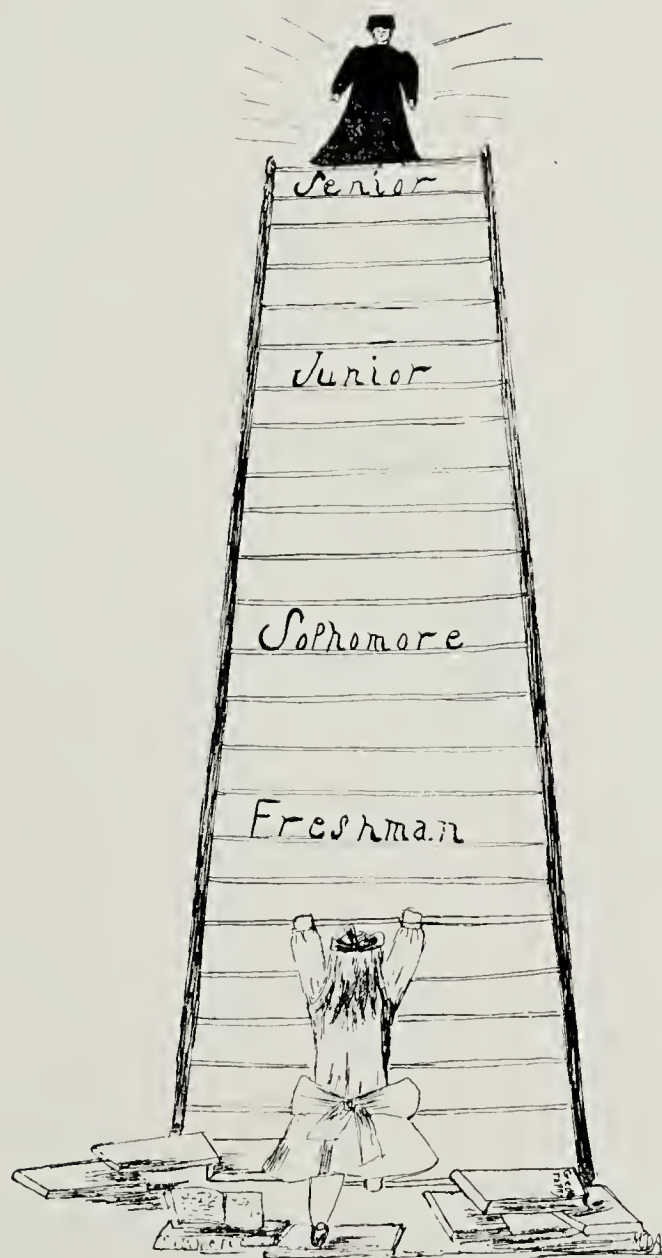
of "father," I recognized Alice DuBose, evidently settled down and keeping house for her father in the far-off Klondike.

This scene was rapidly replaced by that of a quiet chapel in a nunnery, the light from the window falling on the kneeling figure of a nun, clothed in the garb of the Carmelite order. When through with her devotion, her fingers still handling her rosary that hung at her side, the nun turned and walked down the aisle toward me, and in that face I recognized Roberta Cox, the mischief-maker of our class. This seemed to me so out of keeping with the Roberta that I had known that I burst into a loud laugh.

At its first sound the scene vanished suddenly and I saw only the angry little dwarf before me, shaking his wand and crying out, "I shall show you no more; you have laughed at the most beautiful of all. Come!" I felt the bandage being slipped over my eyes again and I was led along endless passages until I stumbled and fell and lost consciousness. I was rapidly brought to my senses by loud applause and opened my eyes in time to see the Seniors of 1906 receive their diplomas.

FRANCES PEYTON PAGE.





Preparatory Department.

VIRGINIA HILLEARY

LOUISE BENSON

LOUISE LITIG

AMELIA BROOKE

WINIFRED BROWSE

FRANCES MAYER

JULIET CHERMSIDE

ROSA CLARK

GLADYS MAXWELL

BLANCHE FALLON

ISABELLE GRESHAM

MARY OWINGS

LOUISE GRESHAM

ANNICE HAWKINS

ESBELLE OWINGS

MARY SHRECKHISE

MARY TURNER

MARY WATTS



Special Students

(IN ART, MUSIC, TYPEWRITING AND STENOGRAPHY).

ANNA ALVEY

ISABELLE BALDY

JOSEPHINE BEALE

NEIDA BOWYER

FRANCES DANENHOWER

MITTIE DOBSON

MARY DUKE

NAN FREEMAN

ADÉLE HAGER

LOUISE HOFFMAN

LOUISE JONES

LILLIAN LANIER

LIZZIE MEADE

BESSIE RIGGS

KATHARINE WHEELLOCK

ELISE WILSON

MILDRED WOODWARD

ROSA WOOLFOLK

JULIA YEN



SPECIALS.



Unclassified Students.

“Neither bird nor beast, fish nor fowl”—but Irregulars.

MARY ALLEN

MARY STEWART BUFORD

CHARLOTTE GEARING

NELLIE GREER

KATHERINE GRESHAM

CAROLINE HOY

KATHARINE NEWBILL

ETHEL SINNOTT

LOUISE HAWKINS

MARIAN JOHNSON

ELIZABETH ROSS

IDA SIMS

ELOISE TERRY

CARTER WARREN

JEAN WALKER

CELESTE WEISIGER

Spring's a Comin'.

Sky is turnin' pink to-night ;
Birds a chirpin' soft and light ;
Nature 's workin' wid her might ;
Spring's a comin' sure !

See a tremblin' in de trees?
Feel right weakly in de knees?
Lif' your head and sniff de breeze,
Spring's a comin' sure !

Lilacs buddin' in de hedge,
Tree buds bustin' on de ridge,
I 's a workin' at my wedge.
Spring's a comin' sure !

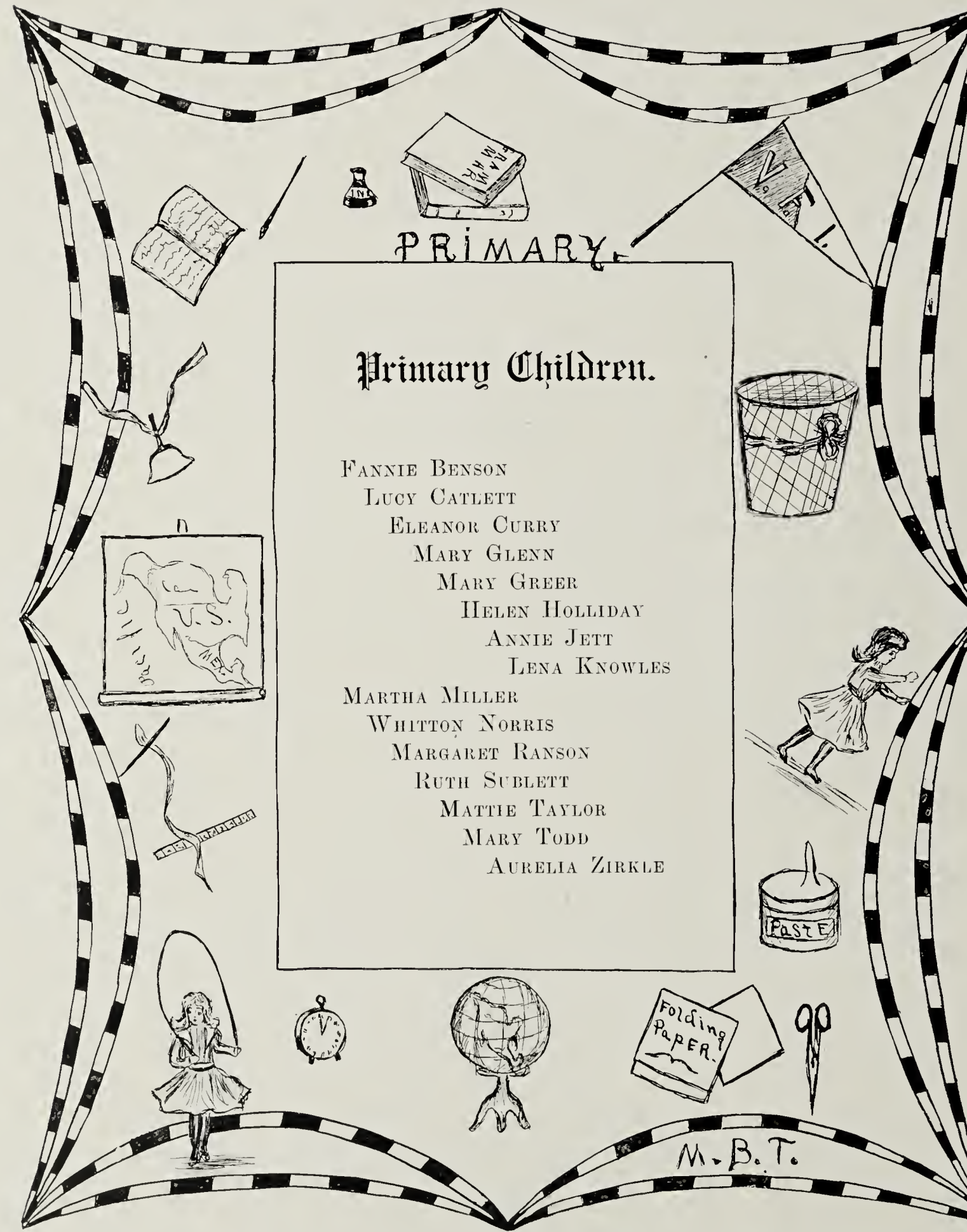
Yes, I 's workin', but I look
Down thar near de swellin' brook,
See de light in each wood nook.
Spring's a comin' sure !

Las' night when de twilight come
An' I wuz idlin' here at home,
I knew 't was time when lovers roam.
Spring's a comin' sure !

Smell dat wood's earth, hear dat bird?
Sweetest song you ever heard?
Sit and feel—don't say a word.
Spring's a comin' sure !

Lawsy, Rollo, what'd I say?
Spring's a comin' now, to-day.
There comes 'Tilda, right dis way !
Spring's a comin' sure !

LOULIE A. SNEAD.



PRIMARY

Primary Children.

FANNIE BENSON
LUCY CATLETT
ELEANOR CURRY
MARY GLENN
MARY GREER
HELEN HOLLIDAY
ANNIE JETT
LENA KNOWLES
MARTHA MILLER
WHITTON NORRIS
MARGARET RANSON
RUTH SUBLETT
MATTIE TAYLOR
MARY TODD
AURELIA ZIRKLE

M. B. T.



THE PRIMARY DEPARTMENT.

F. BENSON
 LENA KNOWLES
 MARY GLENN
 AURELIA ZIRKLE
 MARGARET RANSON

LUCY CATLETT
 RUTH SUBLETT
 WHITTON NORRIS
 MARY TODD
 MATTIE TAYLOR

HELEN HOLLIDAY
 MARTHA MILLER
 ELEANOR CURRY
 MARY GREER
 ANNIE JETT

Our Life in School.

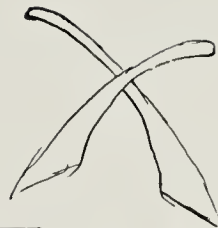
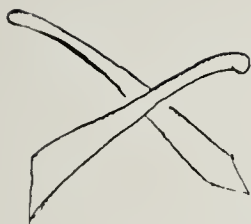
OUR life in school is very happy, for we have a nice little room with two large windows and two doors. There are chains hung all around the top of the wall, and all kinds of gay pictures hung around. We have a large map of the United States on one side of the room and a few other maps in other places. Each of us has a large desk with pen and ink on it.

The teacher, of course, has a larger one than ours, and on it she has a little bell, a few books, and a clock, and to the side of it is a little scrap-basket.

The smaller children have folding paper to cut pretty things out of, and each child has her own scissors and whatever she needs. There is a globe in the room, which is very useful to us all. Every Wednesday we have modeling and the best piece is kept always.

We have a little shelf above the blackboard to keep them on.

MARTHA MILLER.



Modeling

Every Wednesday we take out a jug of clay,
To model pretty things and have a fine day.

We have modeled pumpkins, pears, and maps too
Apples and a vessel with quite a large crew.

A girl appointed takes clay around
And we pick up our paddles and give it a pound.

We have to work it until it is soft
To model articles on our oil cloth.

When finished we then decide which is the best,
And into the jug is put all the rest.

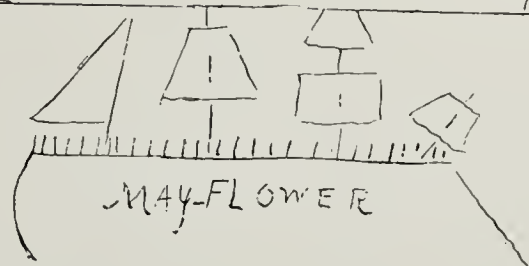
The best on the heater rests till it is dry
Then all but the winner begin to cry.

But the fun is all over! and we go back to work
Then a girl from upstairs gives the bell rope a jerk.

The bell rings and we children sing out
With delight

Hurrah 'and hurrah' "school is out"

Helen Holliday.



Mary Foll

U. H. I. Alphabet.



A is for Alvey, who loves work less than play.



B is for Browse, with nothing to say.



C is for Cooke, an E. H. S. belle.



D is for Duke, who models so well.



E is for Eakle, as demure as a nun.



F is for Fallon, full of gestures and fun.



G is for Gearing, a violin fiend.



H is for Hager, our "rag-time" queen.



I is for "the Inlook," whose outlook is fine.



J

J is for Johnson, for Calvin she 'll pine.



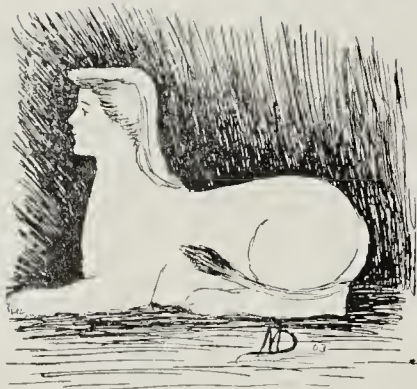
K

K is for Kerber, the cat 's got her tongue.



L

L is for Lee, in attainments still young.



M is for Meade, who thinks more than she'll speak.



N is for Newbill, always up to some freak.



O is for "the Owl," who inspires us all.



P

P is for Porter, who creeps through the Hall.



Q 's for the Quaking when Exams. begin.



R is for Ross, who would like to be thin.



S for the Seniors, the first and the best.



T is for Taylor, with curiosity possessed.



U's for the Uniform all have to wear.



V 's for Virginia, the land of the fair.



W for Waddill, peeping out from her bows.



X is a secret that nobody knows.



Y 's for our jester, the quizzical Yen.



Z for Zero, comes last—let us all cry: AMEN.

Sharp Cuts.

What a spendthrift is she of her tongue.—BLANCHE FALLON.

Min be the travaille, and thin the glorie.—MISS GAMMON AND EDITORS.

Very like a whale.—ELOISE TERRY.

I am slow of study.—CHARLOTTE TAYLOR.

There is a gude time coming.—VACATION.

Strange to the world, he wears a bashful look.—“MY SON JAMES.”

They are rich in pride.—SENIORS.

I never dare to write as funny as I can.—FUDGE EDITOR.

Oh, we 're a' noddin', nid, nid, noddin'—SUNDAY MORNING.

My mind to me a kingdom is.—CARRIE CONWAY.

I do desire we may be better strangers.—INFIRMARY.

And of his port as meke as is a mayde.—MR. MINOR.

So many heads, so many wits.—SIGMAS AND TAU BETAS.

Be bolde, be bolde, and everywhere be bolde.—FRESH CLASS.

She looketh as butter would not melt in her mouth.—MARIE KERBER.

And thereby hangs a tale.—SENIOR MOTTO.

I am not in the roll of common men.—MARY STEWART.

The short and the long of it.—LOUISE BENSON AND MISS BROADWELL.

And when he is out of sight, quickly also is he out of mind.—COUSIN.

What a “*case*” am I in!—SELMA THORN.

'T is pleasant sure to see one's name in print.—EDITORS.

I shall speak in a monstrous little voice.—ALICE DuBOSE.

The chaos of events.—ELECTION DAY.

Time elaborately thrown away.—VIRGINIA LEE.

A maiden hath no tongue but thought.—LOUISE BRISCOE.

Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words that ever blotted paper.—EXAMS.

So wise, so young, they say do never live long.—LELIA BLAIR.

What, my dear Lady Disdain, are you yet living?—ANNA ALVEY.

Silence, that dreadful bell.—6.30 A. M.

The rude sea grew civil at her song.—ELISE WILSON.

Ambition's debt is paid.—JUNE 2.

As though a rose could shut and be a bud again.—V. F. I. BACHELORS.

Flowery oratory she despised.—SUE SMITH.

Above the vulgar flight of common souls.—V. F. I. STANDARD.

Zounds! I was never so bethumped with words.—CARRIE CONWAY.

Tetchy and wayward.—KATHARINE WHEELOCK.

We have seen better days.—GYM SUITS IN APRIL.

I believe they talked of me, for they laughed consumedly.—CHARLOTTE TAYLOR.

Better late than never.—ESBELLIE OWINGS.

I would the gods had made thee poetic.—SPENSER CLASS.

We bear it calmly though a ponderous woe,

And still adore the hand that gives the blow.—DEMERITS.

Imparadis'd in one another's arms.—KATHARINE AND VIRGINIA.

Reputation, reputation, reputation,

Oh, I have lost my reputation.—NELLIE AND ISABEL.

Of studie took she moost care and moost heede.—LOULIE SNEAD.

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter.—A. GOLDSBOROUGH.

She knew the cause of everich maladye,

Were it of hoot, or cold, or moyst, or drye.—MISS MURPHY.

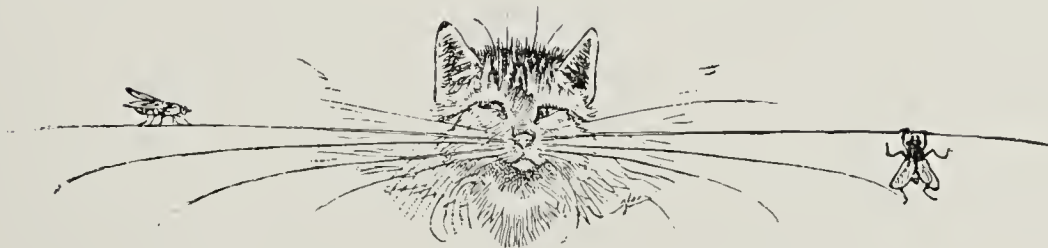
My best thoughts always come a little too late.—FRANCES PAGE.

And certainly he was a good felawe.—MR. WEBB.

I only speak right on.—BESSIE FRAZIER.

And then to breakfast with what appetite you have.—MARY BEST.

In her face excuse came prologue, and apology too prompt.—CHARLOTTE
GEARING.



Our Bulletin Board.

WANTED—A reliable young person to deliver important confidential correspondence during school hours. First-class references required. Apply to Margaret and Louise, care of MOSAICS.

Lessons in attractive giggling given free of charge by CHARLOTTE GEARING. Any old time, any old place.

Private lessons in the Art of Refined and Ladylike Giggling given by a professional. For further information, apply to J. C. Yen (Joker).

“ They always talk who never think ! ”

More truth than poetry in that. Call on me and I will give you some valuable hints on how to talk little and think much. Address M. KERBER, Watkins Avenue.

Private Tuition.

Lessons in Silent Love and Expressive Glances given by an experienced teacher. Degree conferred, Bachelor of Heart and Doctor of Love. Address MISS L. BRISCOE.

WANTED—To know the quickest method of reducing weight, besides that of dieting. Write at once to L. HAWKINS.

Don't You Like to Say Poetry ?

Just try my plan. It is easy and sure, and works without fail. For further particulars, write to E. OWINGS, care of MOSAICS.

FOR SALE—Seats at the French table. Peculiar advantages; free terms. Apply at once to V. F. I. Demoiselles.

Vocal Recitals to be given by the eminent Miss RIGGS in the Music Hall. Admission free; 50 cents to stay away.

We Are Now Ready to Supply All Demands!!

Every young girl going into society "in the good old summer time" is sure to need a chaperon. We have a large supply on hand, only awaiting your order. Apply to V. F. I. Faculty.

Cases! Attention!!

The deserted stairs in the Music Hall is an ideal corner for spooning on moonlight evenings. Large window; quiet situation; reasonable terms. Call early and avoid the rush.

Grand Auction Sale on June 2, 1903.

Four Senior Encyclopedias of 1903 carefully compiled in four years of close work and tough grind. Bound in flesh and blood, cheap edition. Sizes from Pocket-book series to Blind Man's Comfort. They go to the first bidder.

Murphy's Quinine Pills.

Invaluable for weariness, headaches, laziness, spring-fevers, and all other ailments peculiar to boarding-schools. Send for sample package.

Poems on Short Notice.

Rhymes, doggerel, love sonnets, jingling verses unequaled in the market. Private lessons given by E. TERRY.

Thorough instructions in the modern art of squeaking a violin given by an accomplished young lady. Learned in a short time; private tuition. Address SENORITA GEARING.

The Tau Beta Chapter of the S. L. S. will give a series of lectures on the "Art of Voting." Front seats reserved for Sigmas.

Soon to be Published.

"MODERN INNOCENTS ABROAD," edited by a trio of European tourists of *next summer*. Any suggestions thankfully received.

Graceful and artistic posing is essential to all society girls. I can give you some secrets. Address M. S. BUFORD.

Rummage Sale!
Stupendous Savings of the Year!!

4,000 or more literary productions, including outlines, short themes, essays, poems, class histories, class prophecies, songs, etc., etc., etc. The odds and ends of the Grand Annual Campaign.—M. GAMMON.

WANTED to know by Lillian Lanier the exact color of the Red Sea.
WANTED to know by Dora Dickens the owner of the Masonic Temple.
WANTED by the Editors, a fire-proof vault for Annual manuscripts.

Lost! Strayed! or Stolen!

About the middle of January a blue tie of satin ribbon. If found, please kindly return to SUE SMITH, 41 Stuart.

FOR SALE—A handbook of familiar quotations carefully selected from Saturday Lectures. Spicy, emphatic, and perhaps impressive. Invaluable to school teachers and principals.

Notice! Notice!

A grand opening for expert proof-readers who have a large supply of patience and some knowledge of spelling. Write at once to Editors of MOSAICS.



Greetings From Florida.

WHAT a miracle almost it is to the uninitiated to leave a land of cold and snow and after a few hours' ride in one of the yellow trains, passing by yellow-painted station-houses, by which color Mr. Flagler has set his seal on this part of the country, to reach a land all sunshine and bloom!

When that Spanish worthy, Ponce de Leon, came to Florida, this land of To-morrow, as it is called, and saw its peculiar forms of animal and vegetable life and all its wealth of tropical beauty, and when, at the request of his friends it may be, he wrote back to give them his "Impressions of Florida" or a description of "Tropic Luxury," I wonder what he said.

Did he describe more particularly alligators or orange blossoms? Did he descant on the superior advantages of the Beach here over any other in the world, which he might have done with reason, or did he go deeply into the life and habits of that most graceful of all birds on the wing, so numerous here—the buzzard?

Perhaps he sent home in his letters pieces of the long gray moss which hangs from the live oak trees, or sent his friends cocoanuts through the mail, with the address written on the rind. I am quite sure he took back with him some Indians and some squirrels, and some mocking-birds in cages, and perhaps a snake and a big turtle. There are two things he found here, however, which he could neither transport nor describe—the sunsets and the moonlight nights. The glowing, gorgeous coloring of the former, best seen with the tall, towering palmetto trees outlined against this vivid background, and the beautiful white nights, with the illuminated glory of giant oaks, the vine-twined cypress, and the shining leaves of the magnolia trees and their silvered, waving, festooning mosses, make a picture never to be forgotten.

Now all these things are here just as they were in the days of De Leon—the orange blossoms, the palmetto trees, the Cherokee roses, which is another story; the jasmine, the buzzard, the birds, the mosquitoes—these last being also another story. There have been some changes, however, since the days of Spanish invasion. For instance, it is not so uniformly warm, owing, it is said, to the cutting down of many trees in different parts, so that after the sunshine comes cold, rainy

days which seem even colder because one expects it to be warm, and in the oranges lurk rheumatic pains, and from the pleasant fishing-places rises malaria. But then, if everything were too perfect it would leave nothing to be desired, and heaven itself would not seem very far off.

One of the chief pleasures in this country whose very atmosphere breathes of repose and where no suggestion of the "strenuous life" ever comes, is to ride on a wheeled chair propelled by a stout black man, up and down one of the finest beaches in the world, and the finest in this country, and to lose yourself in a day-dream of delight compounded of the salt air, the blue sky, the rolling waves, and the swift motion over the hard white sand with no interruption save an occasional stop to view a huge jelly-fish left, alas! by the tide, or to pick up some of the numerous pretty shells found on this coast.

There is space only for a hint of beautiful drives along hard shell-roads under the overarching mass, past orange groves in which are trees with the ripe fruit, the green fruit, and the blossom all on at the same time, with perhaps another kind of fruit grafted on somewhere; or a visit to a pinery, where one sees such pineapples as make those in Northern markets seem but a feeble imitation; or a wheel-ride in any direction, since the level roads make this a wheelman's Paradise.

The fact that the trees are never bare down here, but renew their leaves as old ones fall off, thus looking always fresh and green, may possibly account for the legend of the Fountain of Youth which sent the old Spanish gentleman over seas to look for it *here*. Surely, they might have argued, the same magic virtue which constantly renewed the life and strength of the foliage, might also rejuvenate the person.

Such are some of the "Impressions" of an observer in a small way, and crude and imperfect as they are, yet they have acquired a value which they would otherwise have never possessed since the wish was expressed for them by friends at the V. F. L., of whom my impressions are more lasting than the heart of a palmetto tree, more strong than its woody fiber, and more sweet than the scent of the orange blossom.

Daytona, Florida, March 22, 1903.

LUCY G. HESTER.

A Stray Leaflet From a College Note-Book.

UNDER the physician's order that I must not make a mental effort for at least three or four months, I sat me down in the corridor at Wellesley College to "loaf and invite my Soul." From the south door appeared a damsel who thus interrogated me: "Tell me how you think Tennyson developed his personalities, also Wordsworth and Browning." Awaiting my reply hardly long enough for me to formulate one, she disappeared. From the east door appeared another maiden, asking: "Where can I find anything about the Realism of Shakespeare?" I fled in dismay to learn of the frogs in Longfellow's pond, who appear to commune without effort, save that of voice. A. H.

Margaret Caston's Mistake.

MY DEAR MR. MAYNTON: After your conduct at the dance last night I have come to the conclusion that you are taking our engagement too seriously, and that it would be best to tell you plainly that I can never care for you in the way you ask. It has been a mistake for us to think that we could ever be anything more to each other than good friends; but such, I hope we shall always remain, and henceforward believe me to be your sincere friend,
Wednesday. MARGARET CASTON.

"There, now, that's done!" said Margaret Caston, with a sigh of relief, as she sealed and directed the note. That accomplished, she threw herself languidly down upon the old worn divan. She made a striking picture as she lay there in the bright spring sunlight, her tall, graceful figure in its stylish, well-fitting gown, and her beautiful highbred face, surrounded by a mass of wonderful golden hair, standing forth in vivid contrast to the faded and shabby bareness of the little sitting-room.

"I do wish men wouldn't take everything in such deadly earnest," she mused, discontentedly. "It is so tiresome in them. I like Jack immensely, and it was lots of fun to be engaged to him—it made the other girls so jealous! But then I can't afford to lose the chance of making a fine match just for that. I'm heartily sick of being poor and always having to struggle to keep up appearances—oh, mama, is that my dress?" she cried, jumping up, as the door opened and Mrs. Caston entered carrying a fluffy white mass of satin and lace.

"Yes, my child. I cut over my wedding dress for you; I hope it will please you." And the little lady touched it fondly, caressingly, sadly.

"Well, I suppose it was the best you could do; but I do hope it will fit well," said Margaret. "I want to look my best to-night, for Mr. Rafton, the Wall Street millionaire, is going to be there, you know."

"Mr. Rafton? What do you care about him?" asked her mother. "I thought you were engaged to Mr. Maynton."

"Oh, that's all over. It was only a summer affair anyway," replied Margaret.

"And you never have really cared for him?"

"Oh, well, I like him well enough, and he is awfully good-looking, but gracious! he hasn't nearly enough money ever to be taken seriously. But then, I

wouldn't have thrown him over so soon except that he seemed to think I belonged entirely to him, and as long as that was the case there was no opportunity for captivating my 'millions.' "

"Margaret," said Mrs. Caston, earnestly, "do you mean to say that you only taught Jack Maynton to love you—and he certainly does love you—just to have what you call a 'good time' with him?"

"Oh, there now, mama," exclaimed Margaret, petulantly, "please don't lecture! What is the use of living if you can't have a little fun? I can't help it if a man chooses to fall in love with me, can I? I don't see any harm in flirting. I shall never 'fall in love' with any one," she continued, contemptuously, "unless he has plenty of money, for money is the only thing that will ever make me happy. And I have fully decided to marry a millionaire—nothing less."

"Perhaps you will find out one of these days, my child," said her mother sadly, as she left the room, "that wealth does not always bring happiness."

That night a man walked impatiently up and down the Union Station platform, waiting for the west-bound express. It was Jack Maynton, his handsome face drawn and pale, and his shoulders bent as beneath some heavy burden. Just as the distant whistle of the train broke the stillness of the night some one touched him on the shoulder. Turning, he saw beside him his college chum, Tom Seaton, his plain but good-natured face full of sympathy.

"I could not bear to let you go away like this, all alone," he said, hoarsely.

Maynton grasped his hand. "It was good of you to come, but I've got to go. I can't stand it to see her being as adorable to some other cad as she once was to me."

"Where are you going, though?"

"I don't know yet; it doesn't make much difference."

"Well, good-bye!" said his friend, brokenly.

"Good-bye!" called Jack Maynton, as the train bore him away into the night.

* * * * *

Five years later a brilliant party was assembled around the elegant and fashionable table of Mrs. Tharman. Mrs. Tharman's "dinners" were always elegant and fashionable. Mrs. Tharman herself was elegant and fashionable—extremely so—but on this particular occasion she was far outshone by one of her guests, a tall, stately blonde, with a cold beautiful face and wonderful golden hair. Every one bowed unquestioningly before this brilliant queen of society. Surely, all was hers that heart could wish—beauty, wit, station, and wealth—yes, wealth above all things, for was not her husband said to be the richest man of his time?

Another elegant and fashionable guest at this elegant and fashionable dinner was Mrs. Tharman's brother, the well-known owner of several Colorado gold mines. He was a tall, broad-shouldered man of about thirty-eight, with dark, piercing eyes that seemed to look straight into your soul. There was something commanding about him, and when he spoke every one listened; and these gay society friends of his sister were no exception. Soon the talk turned on Western life, and the miners in particular.

"Were you ever in a strike, Mr. Tharman?" asked some one from the other end of the table.

"Oh, yes; several."

"Do tell us about them. It must be very interesting," said the tall blonde, looking nevertheless dreadfully bored.

"I think," said Mr Tharman, "that this will be hardly a story that one would call well-selected for a dinner party, but since you desire it," looking intently at the blonde, "I will tell you. Two years ago when I was spending a few days in F——, in Southern Colorado, on some business with the K. and A. Railroad, I fell in with a young civil engineer. I was very much interested in him from the first, and soon guessed that there must have been some great sorrow in his life. He was young to be so sad and gloomy. The day before I was to leave town the whole place was turned into a perfect bedlam. All the miners from the diggings that were just above the city, 'struck work' and descended in a frenzied mob upon the place. Toward evening they had become so thoroughly intoxicated, having broken into and robbed all the saloons in the city, that the militia was sent for. But before it could arrive all their fury seemed to have directed itself against a Mr. Tilman, the owner of the mine. Mr. Tilman happened to be out of town at the time, so they decided to wreak their vengeance on his wife and little children. They rushed like a crowd of demons upon his house, vowing to burn it and its inmates. Just as, howling and swearing, the leaders approached the house, waving their burning torches, a young man—my young engineer—leaped up the steps, and shaking a pistol in their faces, swore that he would shoot the first man that dared to raise a hand against that house or its owners. The mob stood still, amazed at such audacity—then a knife thrown by some one in the crowd struck the young hero—and he fell fatally wounded. The one moment that he had delayed the mob served to bring the militia to the spot and in a few moments the mob was scattered. We took up our hero's body and carried him tenderly into the house. The surgeon after examining his wound, told us plainly that while he might regain consciousness, there was no hope for his life. Several hours later as I sat

beside him, for I could not bear to leave him alone with utter strangers in these last moments, he opened his eyes and smiled. I bent over him, for I saw he had something to say."

"I am almost gone," he whispered, "take the—locket—and—and—" "He was fumbling with his coat, I opened it and found there a little gold locket. (Mr. Tharman looked again at the blonde.) 'Give it—to—the girl with the golden hair,' he said, faintly—and then, he was dead."

"And this," continued Mr. Tharman, taking from his pocket a small black box and opening it, "is the locket."

"Perhaps you would like to examine it," he said, handing it across to the lovely blonde. She took it and opened it. It was only an ordinary little oval locket of plain gold, and there inside lay a lock of beautiful golden hair. As she looked she grew very pale and her hand trembled strangely as she passed it back, saying lightly: "It is very romantic, isn't it?"

* * * * *

An hour later, when Mrs. Tharman's beautiful drawing-room was full of laughter, and light and music, the lovely blonde slipped away out into the balcony. And there, alone in the silence and moonlight, Margaret Caston realized that she had made a mistake.

LOUISE C. BRISCOE.

Dolly Hadden's Colors.

IT WAS evident that Pedro, punctilious valet and all-round factotum, was in a sore state of perplexity, and as it was a rare event for his serene temper to be disturbed, it was also plain that the subject which wrinkled his usually beaming face was a grave one. As a general thing, he considered it beneath his dignity to ask advice of the other servants, but such a leveler is trouble that he so far unbent as to lay his grievance before the cook.

"Here it am nigh on ten o'clock. De City ob St. Louis leabs de wharf in ha'f an hour, an' she de las' boat ter git to Noo Orleens in time fer de big Cup Race on Chusday. Sholy, sholy, Mars Jack ain' gwine miss dat race!"

"Wharn't you go wake 'im up, stidder standin' dar groanin' lak you waz on de mourner's bench?"

"Wake him up! I pray de Lawd Marse Jack 'll nuvver be mo' waked up dan he am right now. I'se raised him, an' I'se stood a heap o' things frum him, but I 'siders myse'f too ol' fer to be hollered at an' wusn' hollered at. Fo' times I wint up dar an' fo' times I come down quickern I wint up. Marse Jack ain' nuvver miss a race sence he wuz eight year old, an' hatter be took off de track by a p'liceman, yit it sholy look lak be gwinter—"

"Pedro!" came a voice from above and with a mixed feeling of thankfulness and trepidation, Pedro left the cook aud hastened up the stairs.

Meanwhile the subject of all this trouble was having about as bad a time as his valet. His pride and his hopes, placed, not like Pedro's on the races, but on a far more uncertain thing—the fickle heart of a fickle maiden—had suffered a severe shock. A rejection seldom leaves a man in a happy frame of mind, and Jack Templeton was no exception. "And why did she refuse me?" he demanded fiercely of an Indian idol that blinked unsympathetically from the mantelpiece, "for a beggarly Englishman with a drawl and a large rent-roll. She, the woman I thought above all other women, to care for a miserable —— well, what do you want in here, sir?"

"Nuffin, sah; nuffin 't all," cried Pedro, with alacrity, and then, in a soliloquizing tone: "Hit sholy am fine weather fur de races on Chusday. De sun 's a-shinin' jes lak she done de day ol' Bess beat de Kaintucky mare by ha'f a haid.

I kin see dat horse now—flyin' 'long de track lak a swaller, wid 'er hoofs a-ringin' on de ground', an' little Joe a-hangin' way ober her neck, an' de crowd a-cheerin', an' de flags flyin', an' ol' marster cussin'; he wuz dat glad, an' me mos' standin' on my haid—but Lawd, here I done fergit you ain' intrusted in races no mo'."

"Not interested in racing! What on earth do you mean, Pedro?" demanded his master, the excitement of the track rising fast in him at the old darky's words.

"Well, suh, I jes thort, bein' as de big race comin' off Chusday, an' de boat leavin' in twenty minutes, an' you —" but his words were cut short, and the remaining minutes were devoted to a race against time such, as Pedro expressed it, "Ain' nuvver been beat befo' nor sence."

The last whistle had blown, the last bell had rung, the last roustabout had scrambled on, and the big anchor line steamer, the City of St. Louis, crowded with people bound for the New Orleans race, was just beginning to swing away from the wharf, when far up the bank appeared, running, the figure of a man, and just behind him an excited negro, carrying a suit-case and alternately yelling and gesticulating. As always happens in Southern towns, the crowd at once took up the cause of the two, and a volley of shouts and encouragements ensued.

"Hi, there! Captain, stop yer boat! Here 's another passenger. Go it, Mister! Lay you two to one he don't get there!" Finally, "He 's got her!" came in a chorus of voices, as with a final effort, Jack Templeton leaped the fast-widening space. Pedro missed the boat by half a foot, but as he was drawn on deck, triumphant and dripping, he remarked, "I 'd stan' lots mo' for de sake of dem races."

As Jack, hot, tired, and panting, emerged on the upper deck, he came face to face with a vision that took away the little breath he had left. Before him, surrounded on one side by a vigilant chaperon, and on the other by a faultlessly clad, monocled being, stood the girl he had been speaking of not half an hour ago.

The girl turned pink, and the man white, while the chaperon bowed coldly, with a look that said, "I wish you too, had fallen in the water, and had remained there."

As soon as he could, Jack fled to the cabin, while the girl turned to her companion, who was remarking: "American men are so extremely energetic, don't you know." Dolly assented and breathed a thanksgiving that it was so; yet her brows were drawn together in a little perplexed frown, for matters were taking an unexpected turn. Ever since last night when, partly through caprice, partly because he had seemed so sure, she had laughed at Jack's protestations, Dolly's mind had been a whirling, changing conflict of ideas.

"Of course, I don't love him," she reasoned, while listening to the Honorable Robert, "but if he hadn't been so quick at jumping at conclusions— and now mamma is displeased at his being on board. Oh, I hate Englishmen! I did right to refuse him, of course, and I'd do it again if he ——— but then of course, he won't. He probably doesn't care for me any longer. Well, I don't like him, but — I'm not sorry he didn't miss the boat."

Just at this moment the Honorable Robert, remarking for the tenth time, "Now, in England, don't you know, it is so different," she astonished that gentleman by crying, "I'm glad it is," and the next moment had disappeared through the door. The Honorable Robert stood motionless for fully five minutes, and then all he said was, "By Jove!" but his voice was eloquent.

That evening at tea, the one topic of interest was the race. Most of the men had racers entered, and conversation waxed hot as the merits of each horse were fully discussed. The center of attraction lay in a group around Dolly, who, radiant, dimpling, and laughing, seemed very different from the girl who had fled from the Honorable Robert that morning. The men crowded round, each entreating her to wear his colors.

"Now, Miss Asquith, for the sake of your State, you really ought to wear colors for 'Old Mississippi.'"

"Don't listen to him, Miss Dolly; 'Old Miss' will never get beyond the first quarter. 'My Kentucky Lady' is the one for you to back."

"Aw, Miss Asquith, think of the eternal fitness of things, American Beauty wearing British colors."

Dolly had been glancing with laughing eyes from one to another of the petitioners, but at the last complacently delivered speech, she turned impulsively to a young man lingering on the outskirts of the group.

"You overwhelm me, gentlemen, with your offers; but since I can't wear all the colors, and since 't would take the wisdom of Solomon to decide among them, I think I will give the favor to my namesake, Mr. Templeton's mare, Dolly Varden."

The Honorable Robert bit his lip, and Jack's heart gave a great bound as he started eagerly forward. The next moment, heedless of formality, he had drawn Dolly out on the deck. "You will wear them for me, Dolly, for me!" Half-frightened by her own feeling, half-resentful of his masterful action, Dolly took refuge in coldness.

"Certainly not for you! I said I would wear them for Dolly Varden, but I have changed my mind. Please let me go in, Mr. Templeton."

But Jack had not been given a square jaw for nothing, and his lips came together in a line that meant battle. He stepped directly in front of her.

"Not till I have a final answer from you. Not till you tell me whether you will marry this Englishman or myself. Dolly, what can this man mean to you compared with all the happy years we've spent together? I've loved you ever since I found you crying because a boy had said your doll was made of sawdust. I thrashed that boy, and you kissed me. Do you remember?"

Dolly's face was very white, but he went on mercilessly.

"And the year that we went to school in that old brick house with the weathervane, and you cried when you went above me in class. Then that time we played hookey, and went after blackberries, and you made a wreath of daisies, and I crowned you with it and called you my queen, and you laughed and said then I must be your knight. Do you remember?"

It had grown very still on deck, and in the silence that followed Jack's words, the voice of the man at the prow came distinctly up to the two: "Eight fathoms by the mark twain."

"Have you forgotten it all, Dolly?"

"No—but, Jack, let me pass."

"Not till you say you love me."

"I will not. I hate you."

At that moment a sudden shock and shiver ran through the whole boat. She quivered a moment from prow to stern, and then lay still, her great wheels still churning the water.

"What is the matter?" cried a hundred people, and as if in answer, Pedro's voice rose above the shouting, "De Lawd hab mussy! We done run agrown'!"

An excited rush of passengers followed, and in a few moments the captain was surrounded.

"No; there is no danger," he assured them, "only a question of time." Yes, he was afraid they might be delayed in getting to the races, but the men would do their best. "All was safe, perfectly safe," he repeated again and again, until even the most timid were reassured.

In the confusion Dolly slipped away to her room, and remained there the rest of the evening, much to the disquiet of her mother, who guessed the cause of her daughter's conduct.

The race was to come off at ten in the morning, and when at breakfast the boat was still immovable, a general gloom fell over every one. Dolly appeared at the table, pale but determined, and when a little later, as she was standing by

the railing watching the efforts to draw off the boat, and thinking of the final words she had just spoken to the Honorable Robert, Jack joined her.

"I hope you will pardon this intrusion, Miss Asquith," he began, formally, "I wish to offer you an apology for my rudeness yesterday. It seems I was mistaken about you, and—" but just at this point Pedro, so enveloped in woe that he paid no attention to the fact that he was intruding, presented himself before the two.

"I wanter give yer dis here, Marse Jack," he said, handing over a tiny bow of blue ribbon. "I ain' gwine hab no use fer hit now, an' it makes me feel bad to look at it."

Jack handled the knot of his colors a few moments and then handed it back to the old man.

"To tell the truth, Pedro, it makes me feel even worse. You may as well keep it yourself."

But Pedro turned to Dolly. "Would you care ter have it, Miss Dolly?"

Dolly did not dare to glance at Jack, for she knew he was looking fixedly at her. For a moment she faltered, then she took the colors quickly.

"Yes, Pedro, I think I would."

An hour later when the cry went up that the boat was at last moving, it seemed doubtful whether the two absorbed people by the railing even heard. Certain it is that they paid no attention, but then, as Pedro remarked later, "When it cums to lubbin' an' racin', racin' 's lef' behin' on de fus' stretch."

CARRIE K. CONWAY.

Two Innocents Abroad.

JACK and Evelyn Mason were two young Americans who believed in the principle of liberty on which their country was founded, and also in getting fun as well as more solid enjoyments from life. It was for a last taste of fun which was to color the sober study and labor of his life as an American doctor or, as Evelyn expressed it, "to keep all work and no play from making Jack a dull boy," that the two young collegiates found themselves rolling in mid-ocean on a steamer bound for Germany. Throughout the voyage Evelyn had been the life of the party and had made the old ship ring with her infectious spirit of enthusiasm, but as she sighted land she became suddenly grave.

"Come here a minute, Jack." And when she had gotten him to a quiet place: "Jack," she whispered, "watch me; keep your paternal eye on me, for as sure as my name is Evelyn Mason, I am going to do something disgraceful if you don't throw a wet blanket or something over my spirits; for, Jack"—and she laughed ecstatically—"that is really Germany, and I am wild with happiness."

"All right, Eve; I'll attend to you; only remember, as Mrs. Ruggles would say, that your mother was a McGrill."

And so they went on deck laughing, and in a few minutes forgot everything in the rush for the gangway.

Once on German soil they stood absorbed watching the changing crowd, the passengers hurrying to get through with the business of landing and to catch their trains, the peasants clattering around with their wooden shoes and odd faces. They were so absorbed in the strange sight that they forgot all else until, trying to catch the meaning of some German words a boy was shouting, they heard, "Cherries, fresh cherries," and then as the boy came nearer, "Fresh American cherries, lady."

They laughed then and came out of their reverie. Jack hurried off to see to their luggage and in a short time they found themselves boxed up in a stuffy little German train, actually on their way to Dresden. They had the carriage all to themselves except for an accentuated specimen of German nationality which was bundled up in the opposite corner, and after having heard the latter give

some directions to the porter with many gesticulations and awful German gutterals, they felt sure he could talk no English, and so, in a few minutes were chatting away in true American style.

"Well, Eve, safe so far; mother's reputation and all, eh?"

"Yes, so far. But this isn't a circumstance, and if you don't soon discover some way to smother my American feelings, I will hug you in public and give yon German knight theme for a ten-column article on American vulgarity. But tell me, Jack, don't you feel like *Innocence Abroad*, truly?"

"Yes, I do; and I know I shall feel more so when I try to get lodgings."

But Evelyn didn't answer. She seemed lost in some intricate calculation. Presently she shook her head.

"It is such a pity," she said, slowly.

"What is?" Jack asked, puzzled.

"Yes, it is surely a shame. Well, this is it," she laughed up into Jack's bewildered face, "if this were England, and he"—indicating the German—"could understand us, why I would drop my handkerchief, or you ask the time, or we could get up some scheme, and he would turn out to be a duke or something, and—and we shouldn't be quite such strangers in a strange land, you know."

"You must like his looks," Jack commented, briefly.

"I do, rather. Look at his shoulders, how broad they are. His hair is so nice, and you know I always did like a smooth, square jaw," and she shook her head reprovingly at Jack's beard.

And so the talk went on until, by the time they reached Dresden, they had sketched of their companion some such picture as this: He was, they argued, a musician, rather poor, exceedingly talented and very proud, who was on his way to Berlin to fulfil an engagement with an opera there. Then with his fame made, he would return to a little girl with wistful eyes, who was waiting for him all alone.

"What a pity you haven't wistful eyes, Eve," Jack said, as they reached the platform, "I believe you more than half liked that fellow."

"Excuse me, but didn't your wife leave this on the train?" and turning hastily, Jack found himself gazing into a pair of very bright, very amused brown eyes.

"My wife? Oh, you mean Eve; she's my sister," and then, "But you can speak English? Gracious! but you must have thought us rude!"

"Forgive me, if I seem to take advantage of what was unjustly overheard, but I think you said you were strangers, so will you think it rude if I advise you to go to Hotel ——? It is the only decent lodgings in the town," and lifting his

hat, the stranger walked away, leaving Jack looking after him, red-faced and ashamed. Hearing a smothered laugh, he turned almost angrily and found Evelyn trying hard to keep her face straight. When they were safe in the cab and on their way to the hotel, Evelyn lay in her corner shaking with laughter.

"Oh, Jack, to think that we've done it when we've not been on shore one day yet. What would grandmother and the rest say if they knew?" Then she turned suddenly grave. "Jack, he must have thought we were barbarians."

But Jack was thinking of the light which had sprung into the stranger's eyes when he had said Eve was his sister. Presently he expressed the result of his meditations.

"Shouldn't wonder if we found our German at the hotel."

"Why, what makes you think so?"

"Oh, nothing, only—he seemed to be getting off here," and they both relapsed into silence.

And that was how Evelyn Mason met Herr Herman Heinwiech. Two weeks later she wrote the following letter to her mother :

BERLIN, GERMANY, July 10, 1900.

DEAREST MOTHER: Jack and I are indeed having the time of our lives. On our first day on shore we met a German gentleman, Herr Herman Heinwiech, who seemed to take a great fancy to Jack. He has ever so many letters after his name, but, as he courteously explained when I got tangled up in them, when he is with Americans he gives himself the privilege of following American customs, and is only "Herr Heinwiech." He has been no end of a help to us, taking us over all the old galleries and cathedrals and delighting Jack's heart with peeps into scientific places with awful names. Under his guidance I have gotten some splendid pictures of the peasants in their queer homes, and when we get back to America I expect to spend my days developing prints. Tell Mr. Marsdon I took four views of Wittenberg especially for his benefit and made Jack serve as a substitute for Luther. There is no use in my trying to describe any of the wonderful things we have seen. Wait until we get home and then Jack and I will give a series of lectures in peasant costume and astonish the natives.

We go next week into South Germany and Herr Heinwiech has promised to show us his ancestral home—only he calls it his "remnants of a house." The air here is delicious [and she went off into a description of her quaint room and the quainter view from the window].

The promised visit to Herr Heinwiech's home was a great success. They drove out in the morning and spent the day wandering about the gardens and the

dark old halls, looking at the portraits of stern, quiet men, which seemed to give their air of pride to the place. Presently, Evelyn stopped before a picture in a lighter part of the hall. The light from the great stained-glass window fell full upon the upturned face of a woman, so young, so innocent, that she seemed scarcely more than a child.

"That is my great-grandmother. When my grandfather, who was a musician, married her she was a little girl with wistful eyes."

Evelyn started, then she blushed violently. She looked around for Jack, but he was gone.

"She must have been very beautiful and very good," she said.

"Yes." That was all, and then they stood looking at the picture.

Half an hour later Jack came into the house. He had found an old gardener and his small grandson sailing a toy boat on a duck pond, and came for Evelyn and her kodak. But when he caught sight of Evelyn's flushed face and the embarrassed dignity of Herr Heinwiech, he stopped short. Then he broke into a true American whistle.

"Well, so you've gone and done it, have you? I wonder what the old ladies—but I must get out of this. Only, Eve,

"For ways that are dark and for the tricks that are vain,
Like the heathen Chinees, you're peculiar."

LOULIE A. SNEAD.



An Easter Eke Contribution.

The following selections were handed in the evening before Easter with the author's card. Managers of Annuals may herein find an illustration of the saying, "'T is better late than never," or, to put it more accurately, "'T is better sometimes to be late than to be on time," as this collection escaped the flames.

A Belated Theme.

[T WAS past midnight; in the distance I had long before seen the numerous lights extinguished at the old Institute, and it now appeared a dark and formless mass. Every one else had retired, and the brooding stillness was broken only by the scratch, scratch of my pen, as I wrote page after page of the theme due the next morning, yet with still more pages forthcoming. But as the ruling spirit that sends me to bed was out of town, I determined to finish, regardless of when I retired. I was vigorously carrying this determination into effect, when the door behind me opened suddenly with a most unearthly screech. My pen made an involuntary leap across the paper, and I whirled around, expecting to see some one at the door. But alas! no one appeared! I looked at the door, slightly ajar, and my hair arose. Should I get up and shut it? I suddenly remembered that in former years I had been taught never to fly in the face of danger. Should I turn round then, and write on composedly with my back to it? But another youthful precept appeared on the threshold of consciousness: "Never turn your back to the enemy." Which should I do—finish my theme in spite of that uncanny door, or go to class next day without it? Of the two evils, I chose the more remote, and stole away by another door, and was soon securely locked in my own room. After retiring I philosophized thus: "Surely, after staying up so late, and with such a good excuse for not finishing, no one could possibly"—but at this point, feeling so secure of the future, I fell asleep.

The next morning I went to class empty-handed, and I came away heavy-hearted, and next time if every door in the house opens wide in a most mysterious manner, and wicked sprites beat a tattoo on every window, I shall still write on till the end.

The Awakening of Clayton,

IT WAS the summer of '61, and the cloud of the impending struggle had begun to darken over the sunny Southland, and the hearts of her loyal sons had begun to throb in warm response to the drum-beat of war. The stately old home of the Colemans stood on a slope overlooking a wide valley. Along the highway which could be seen here and there for miles, carriages had for several hours been bringing guests to the wedding at the old homestead. During the ceremony there was an almost tearful solemnity, but afterwards, at the wedding supper that followed, the feeling grew less serious and there seemed to be in every heart the firm resolve to let nothing mar the few remaining hours ere many a son, husband, father, lover, brother, should leave his home for a soldier's life, a soldier's glory, or perchance a soldier's grave.

Viola Coleman, around whom the interest of the occasion centered, was the only daughter and pride of her father and the idol of the numerous slaves of the plantation. Her mother had died while she was a mere child, and she had been brought up under the care of her aunt, Miss Matilda. But like all Southern girls of ante-bellum days, she was mostly cared for by her trusted old "Mammy Nancy," who with ever-watchful, ever-protecting devotion, shielded her, and petted her as only an old slave could. When she returned in her seventeenth year from a neighboring boarding-school, she became the ruling spirit in the social affairs of her neighborhood. She was of a generous, high-spirited disposition, with the beauty of perfect health, and possessing a certain pride and self-reserve which won her a wealth of admiration.

Among the young gallants who were frequent visitors at the Colemans', Clayton Allen, a schoolmate of Robert Coleman's, had long loved Viola with all his youthful devotion, but she, accustomed to conquer rather than to be conquered, and who, as "Mammy Nancy" said, "sho' wuz proud," had long hidden the secret of her heart, and it was not until the advent of war, bringing with it the prospect of a long separation, that she had revealed the true depths of her nature, and on the very eve of the struggle had become the bride of Clayton Allen.

As the hours quickly passed, groups could be seen now and then engaged in animated discussion; soon the guests began to leave for their homes, and a still-

ness settled over the place. The next morning a brooding quiet still lay over the plantation, and the sun had risen high in the heavens when an old slave led two saddled horses up to the front of the house. This seemed a signal for all the darkies to congregate on the front lawn. Soon afterwards, Robert, his father, and Miss Matilda came out of the house, and following them, Clayton. The young men, after many warm good-byes, swung themselves into their saddles and started off amid a general benediction from the older darkies.

We shall not attempt to follow these two loyal, impetuous youths through the fortunes of war. Once or twice during the next two years they made a hurried visit home; the last time, however, but one had returned, and he had run the chance of being captured by the enemy to bring the news of Robert's death.

A few weeks later Clayton's company began the march towards the North. At Gettysburg, he was numbered in that illustrious column of eighteen thousand which marched up Cemetery Ridge amidst the admiration of the Union troops; and though many a gap was made in the ranks, it was his good fortune to be among those who pushed on to the very breastworks. But engaging in a hand-to-hand encounter with a cannoneer, he was felled by a blow on the head, and left by his companions as dead.

If we return to the old Coleman home three years after the war has closed, we shall find a great change—a change typical of what has come over the whole South. The lapse of years leaves upon our homes, as upon our countenances, the marks and signs of the life within. As we viewed the old homestead seven years ago, it had a stately, cheerful appearance, betokening the warmth of life within; but now it looks lonely and deserted. Half the windows are closed and over the whole of the old place is seen the lack of a masterful hand. The old judge has been dead for two years; the long rows of cabins are deserted, and the sole remaining occupants of the old home are Viola, Miss Matilda, Mammy Nancy, and a few hired servants, some of whom were their former slaves.

Meanwhile, there is in Baltimore a young man, apparently a common laborer, who goes about his work from day to day in a half-stupified, automatic way. If we examine his features closely we shall recognize the young soldier who was left as dead. The blow which he had received on his head had rendered him entirely senseless for some time, and in the confusion of the struggle it was thought that he had been killed. Afterwards, when activity had returned, he had wandered in a half-conscious condition to Baltimore, where he had since been employed as a common workman. As to his former life, his mind was a total blank. His consciousness seemed limited to things around him, and of the past he had no remembrance whatever.

But one afternoon while at work on a new building, a company of troops passed by. He stopped his work and gazed at them in a bewildered way, while a troubled expression came into his face. When his work was over, instead of going directly to his boarding-house as was his custom, he wandered through the streets, he knew not where. Chance led him into the fashionable part of the city, where he caught fleeting glimpses of a life once his own. He walked on and on, but suddenly he stopped, pressed his hand to his brow, while a peculiar light spread over his features.

"Viola!" he gasped, and after a pause, "Gettysburg!" and then, with a deep sigh, "Oh, where am I?"

He turned down a narrow street, where he was joined by a fellow-workman. "Tom," said the latter, "where on the face of the earth are you going?" Clayton looked at him in bewilderment, not recognizing the man by whose side he had worked for months past.

"Where am I?" he said, in a simple, half-childish manner.

His companion, a short, middle-aged man, slowly removed his pipe from his mouth. "Where are you?" he said, "Well, you're just about as far from your lodgings as you can well be and still be in Baltimore."

"Baltimore?" said Clayton, in a questioning tone, "is this Baltimore? But the war, and General Lee—where is his army?"

The other man looked him over from head to foot. "Tom," said he, half coaxingly, "come go home with me."

"Who you are," said Clayton, something of his old nature returning, "I do not know; I hardly seem to know who I am. The last thing I remember is the fight at Gettysburg. I was struck down and then—"

His companion took him gently by the arm, and turned back in the direction of his boarding-place. On the way back, Clayton heard from him many strange things—of the close of the war, and of his own life in recent years.

A few days later he boarded the train for Virginia. When he reached the place so familiar to his boyish days, the old country store—a combination railroad station, post-office, and center of local gossip—which was only a few miles from the Colemans', he heard with throbbing heart of many things that had passed in recent years, and among others his own story. A comrade had brought the news that he had been struck down by his side—and now Viola and Miss Matilda lived alone in the seclusion of the old homestead.

Shortly afterwards he started towards the Colemans'; but we shall anticipate him, and catch a glimpse of the life of the two lonely women before he arrives. The twilight is deepening round them as they sit beside each other, the younger

woman gazing out into the distance, the other intent upon her sewing. Viola leaned forward, her face resting on her hand. Alas! what a change has come over her! In the stillness, a half-sigh, half-sob escaped her lips.

"My child," said her aunt, gently, "what are you thinking of?"

It was not Viola's custom to talk to any one of the secret thoughts of her heart; she still retained her old reserve. But on this occasion something in her aunt's tone and something in her own loneliness caused her to speak.

"I walked over to the graveyard this afternoon," she said, "and I was only thinking that if there was another grave I could go to—if I only knew where he was buried—how much better I would feel."

As she finished speaking, there was a rap at the door, and a thrill passed through the two women. The door was pushed open by a trembling hand, and there upon the threshold stood the husband she grieved for as dead.

Perhaps she had dreamed of their meeting in that vague, far-off land; but to reclaim him on earth was an unexpected happiness too much for her. She half rose from her chair, but sank back, exhausted.



The Jealous Maid.

'Neath the overhanging apples, with the maiden of his choice,
He was rashly tempting fortune, on a lovely summer day ;
“ 'Tis one I 've loved, and two I 've loved, and three I 've loved, I say ;
The fourth I love with all my heart and shall not cast away.”
As she slightly shrugged her shoulders, jealous of the other three,
He was watching her intently, but, alas ! he heard her say :
“ Not one I 've loved, nor two I 've loved, nor three I 've loved, I say ;
The fourth I hate with all my heart, the fifth—I cast away.”

A Pledge to School Days.

In other years, midst other friends,
When youthful joys are o'er,
In memory's realm, like sweetest dreams,
Shall live the days of yore.

Midst other duties, other cares,
We still shall not forget
Our old school days, our old classmates,
And jolly friends we've met.

And oftentimes, at twilight hours,
In reverie shall rise
A friendly face of olden times,
And memories that we prize.

And ere we break the golden chains
That lightly seem to bind,
And ever leave, O youthful days,
The pleasures that are thine,

We'll pledge thee gayly, dear old days,
So swiftly passing by: —
“While memory lives, and hearts respond,
Old days, ye shall not die.”

A Senior's Lament.

Work, work, work,
O ye class of nineteen-three,
And I would that my tongue could utter
The sorrow I feel for thee.

Oh, well for the Soph and Fresh,
They may take their ease without fear;
And well for the Junior, too,
Though she'll come to grief next year.

All others may steal an hour
Away from work, and dream;
But alas for us, in our spare time
We must think of our Senior theme!

Work, work, work,
With no rest till the bitter end;
And here's the thought that will carry us through,
"We'll never come back again."

Miss Higginbotham.

Shrove Tuesday in Havana.

February 24, 1903.

WE steamed into the harbor of Havana on Shrove Tuesday just as the first rays of a tropical sun lit up the ramparts of old Morro and the morning breeze stirred the tattered flag still floating over the wreck of the "Maine." The view of the city was splendid, and the air out from the shore fresh and sweet. We landed by transport, and drove through the narrow garlic-scented part of the town to the "Telegrapho."

Early as it was the streets were filled with people in holiday dress, and an army of pedlers was abroad. Now and then a pretty Cuban girl would pass with her "duenna," generally a fat old woman; and stout matrons or small, insignificant-looking men, piloted little regiments of pretty black-eyed children (small families are freaks of nature in Cuba) to some convenient bench in the open square or park. After the twelve o'clock breakfast the crowd gathered in earnest, and flags waved on every hand; for this was the National Day as well as the forerunner of Ash Wednesday. Masked figures in all sorts of grotesque and distorted costumes were numerous, and as these oddities saluted some hapless wayfarer familiarly, a shout of merriment went up from the mass.

From a balcony overlooking the Prado we watched the grand procession, which began at four o'clock. This is one of the world's most beautiful streets, with its Avenue of Indian laurels and promenade down the center, and driveway on either side. Innumerable cabs and carriages, decorated or not, fine tandems and four-in-hands, drove rapidly and incessantly up and down the two miles of the Prado till after dark—this one filled with handsomely dressed women, or beautiful girls, blushing under the rare exposure to the public; that one containing dashing young men, looking eagerly up to throw a roll of serpentine to some friend in a balcony above; many others carrying comic figures, gaudily dressed, with now and then a mock monk or nun in somber clothing. President Palmer, with some of his staff, was in one carriage, but there was not the slightest demonstration as he passed, and the turnout full of "Mephistos" in bright red dress-suits caused much more sensation. A young Cuban on being asked why they didn't cheer their President, answered with a surprised look, and the proverbial shrug: "Oh, I suppose it's because he is not young or good-looking, and does

not dress stylishly!" Ah, Cuba, lukewarm republic as yet! The pomp of a king's court appeals to you much more than the simple frock coat and silk hat, whoever be the owner.

With darkness the famous mask ball began, where Fun reigns supreme, and Modesty and Propriety go blindfold. Then, too, the ancient Lantern Procession of the negroes took place. From side to side of the widest part of the Prado a mass of black faces, men, women, and children, surged and sang for hours—each one carrying a colored lantern on a tall pole.

At last growing weary, and tangled in coil after coil of serpentine, we threaded our way back to the hotel, leaving the joyful natives to shout and sing and dance, till the bells of the Cathedral rang out the call for early matins, and brought the remainder of the Forty Days' Fast just beginning.

ANNIE HENDREN PATRICK.



After Commencement.

The fourth of June ! The moon shone down
On walls so gray and still
That echo, hating silence, fled
Far back behind the hill.

The terrace, crowded once with life,
Now silent lay and drear ;
Alone, the fountain trickled on,
Each falling drop a tear,

While summer winds, half-sighing, stole
Through boughs of elm and oak
So stealthily no little bird,
Deep-nested there, awoke.

The cooling dew fell softly on
The old bell's rusty throat,
As though to soothe in silent sleep
Its oft-repeated note.

Like sentinels the pillars stood—
Grim spectres 'gainst the night ;
Across the moonlit lawn they cast
Gray shade among the light.

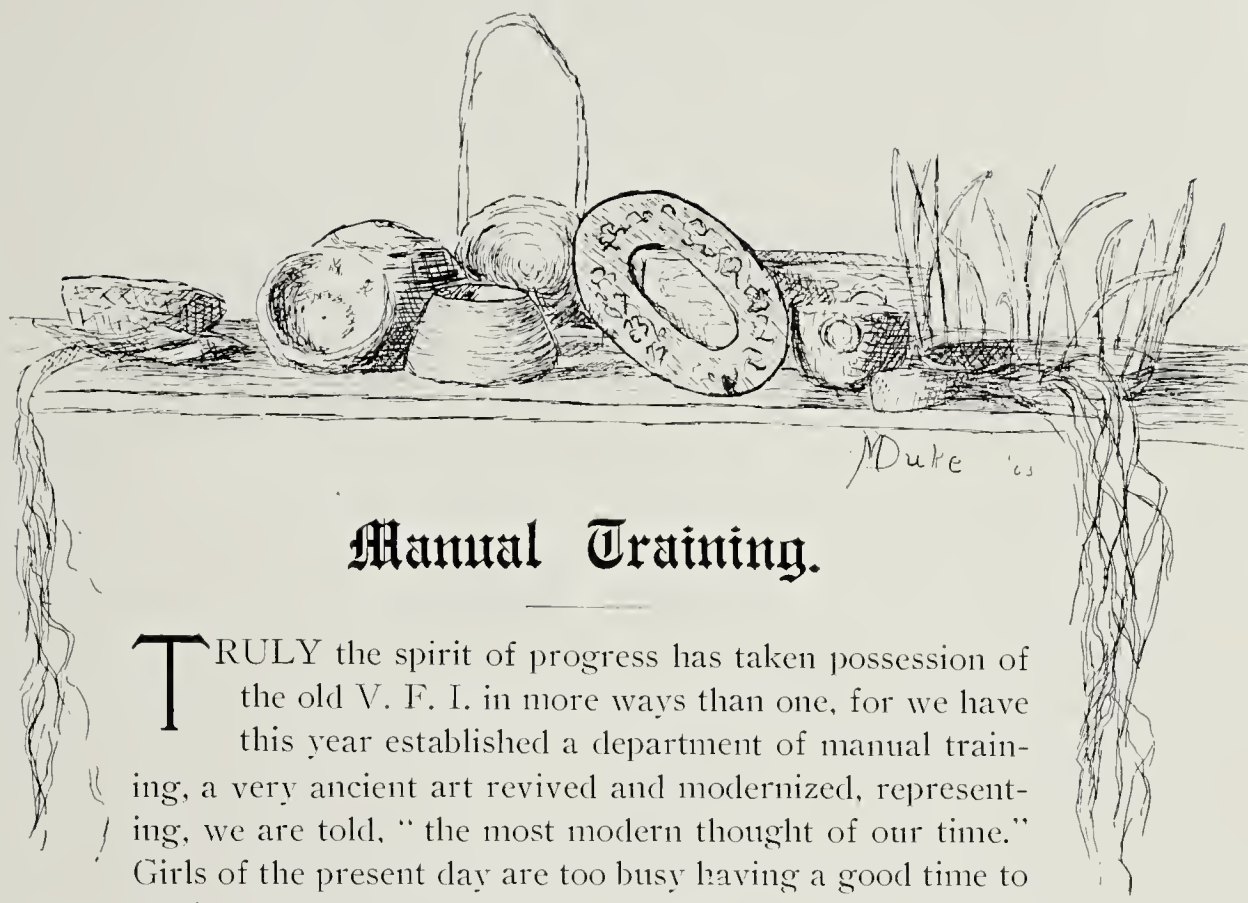
Within the walls no faintest sound
Arose to pierce the gloom ;
Unbroken quiet spread a pall
From empty room to room.

No footstep echoed on the stairs,
No happy voice replied ;
No snatch of song, no ringing laugh,
But silence far and wide.

And memories like shadows crept
Along each lonely hall,
Till one by one the moonbeams left,
And darkness covered all.

CARRIE K. CONWAY.





Manual Training.

TRULY the spirit of progress has taken possession of the old V. F. I. in more ways than one, for we have this year established a department of manual training, a very ancient art revived and modernized, representing, we are told, "the most modern thought of our time." Girls of the present day are too busy having a good time to receive the home training in sewing that our grandmothers had, and the charming old samples handed down to us, worked by tiny girls sitting demurely at their mother's knee, fill us with awe and wonder, so impossible would such stitches be for our ignorant fingers. But we of the V. F. I. are learning, thanks to this new departure in school work, and those of us who are fortunate enough to be members of Miss Esten Duval's classes are rapidly acquiring this essentially feminine accomplishment. At first we groaned over dull seams and prosaic holes, but patience had its reward, and now the really dainty bits of *lingerie* that we have mastered fill us with pride. Perhaps visions of future trousseaux float before us as we take these careful stitches! Who knows? Our parents would be astonished if they could look in some Wednesday on this room full of girls sewing away so intently that when the bell rings, a chorus goes up of, "Oh, too bad! If I just could have finished this little scrap!"

But sewing is only one branch of manual training, though for girls it is surely the most important. On alternate days we have classes in basketry and pyrography, which to some of us is even more fascinating, and the hour periods are quite eagerly looked forward to instead of being dreaded, as is the case in some of the more intellectual departments. At Commencement we are going to have a corner in the Art Exhibit, and there display to the admiring public all the pretty and ingenious things we have made. Altogether, we are glad, as well for the good as for the pleasure we get from it, that the fad for training the fingers has reached the V. F. I.

To Our Alma Mater.

Alas! that from this home we love,
With sadden'd hearts we now must turn ;
Elsewhere all her lessons prove,
While yet another we must learn.
For all the sorrows
Of new to-morrows—
Together with their cup of joy—
Can only come
When we shall roam,
All unguided, the veiled ways
That each must tread amid life's maze.

Farewell, oh, happy, happy home
Of girlhood's joyous, care-free life,
Where we 've gaily work'd together,
Nor dreamt of cruel pain nor strife !
Fare thee well, and yet
We will ne'er forget
Thy tender, loving, watchful care,
Nor ever cease,
In toil or peace,
Our purest love on thee to spend,
And bless thee as our truest friend !

LOUISE C. BRISCOE.

In Lighter Hein.

Her Cases.

SHE was not pretty, or wise, or attractive; she only had many cases. That was all, and when people thought of her they usually thought of cases in connection with her. If you had asked her what a case was, she would probably have told you something like this: "Oh, it is a peculiar feeling that one person has for another, which always comes on Sunday and lasts perhaps a month!" But really her idea of cases changes with every new one she gets, and if she continues to have them on an average of ten a year, as she has done in the past, and if the idea keeps on changing, it will go around in a circle and get back to the starting-point after a while.

When she went off to boarding-school it was with the wise determination not to have a case on any one, however sweet or attractive she might be. Well, she arrived in school on Wednesday, and by the following Sunday night had as desperate a case as any one could desire. It got steadily worse and worse until it arrived at that point in case development where it could not become much worse, and then it did the most natural thing in the world—turned around and got better. She considered this case the most sensible thing possible, and honestly believed that no other girl would ever be quite as dear to her as that one. From this case came another which was perhaps only natural, as it was on the roommate of her first darling. She would go to her for comfort and advice, and it was not long before she loved *her* intensely. About this time the roommate moved and then the case came on with a rush and also a case on the new roommate of her first case's roommate. That lasted a very short time, however, because she was sick the next day and by the time she recovered possibly she had lost some of her charms.

Then she got a case at the dressmaker's, which lasted a week, during which time the girl in question gave her just three smiles. Then came another case

which had threatened the first day she had known the girl, but was delayed until one Sunday in November, when it raged in all its fury for twenty-four hours and then suddenly faded away. But the worst case of all departed from the Sunday rule and came in Gym. By the way, her cases were almost as fond of coming in Gym as in church. This case lasted longer and was by far the worst of all; in fact, so lasting were the effects that she had not entirely recovered by March. It was caused by the wonderful eyes of their owner, eyes which she never tired of looking into. The Christmas holidays came about this time, and when she returned to school she made a New Year resolution to have no more cases. This she told to all her friends, utterly unconscious of the fact that she was then so crazy about the girl with the beautiful eyes that it seriously affected her rest and appetite.

And now we have at last reached her present case, another that came in Gym. Although it is still in the first stages of development, it may be the most desperate of all, as it is on an extremely charming girl.

LENA E. BARKSDALE.

La Cloche.

CETTE cloche fidèle a gardé V. F. I. beaucoup d'années. Bien qu'elle parle une langue différente de la nôtre; on la comprend et elle gouverne la maison. Elle nous rappelle de faire notre partie dans la vie. Comme elle doit être fatiguée parler si longtemps et à haute voix. Encore elle ne se plaint jamais et toujours elle fait son devoir sans être en mauvaise humeur.

MARGARET MOORE.

No. 46 Stuart Hall.

NO ROOM is more characteristic of the owner's private tastes and fancies than the schoolgirl's room. In a boarding-school it is her own particular little sanctum, the one place where her own ideas have full sway.

When I was first shown my room I thought it was the barest and most desolate-looking place I had ever seen; but now it is completely changed. The walls are covered with pictures of every description. Gibson girls and bright-colored posters hang side by side around a large framed picture, with here a group of schoolgirls and there a college pennant. The window which faces the East and the far-away mountains, and is flooded with sunshine every morning, is draped with muslin curtains tied back with bunches of ribbon taken from some much enjoyed box of Huyler's. In front of the window is a cosy window-seat, heaped with pillows, whose every stain and mark of dilapidation bring to mind funny or happy experiences. To the left of the window-seat is the screen, covered with a peculiarly figured cloth, in which green is the predominating color. Across the top of the screen hang a tennis racket and a big red Tam-o'-shanter, on opposite sides of the bed are two chiffoniers, one covered in red, the other in green, and both loaded down with work-baskets and kodaks, photographs, and every imaginable sort of knickknack. On the table which is directly under the gas-jet, are my favorite books and magazines, my portfolio, and that chronicler of all my fun, a memoir book. Perhaps, though, the most attractive feature of my room is the bureau, with its dainty silver set and clock, its tiny pin-trays, jewelry stands, and pincushions, and the photographs of my dearest friends. All around the mirror are pinned ball-cards and german favors, euchre tallies and kodak pictures, a tally-ho horn tied with black and yellow streamers, menu-cards from school and "frat" banquets, a tiny wish-bone from some Thanksgiving feast, and all the other innumerable little souvenirs that a girl values most. In all, a typical schoolgirl's room, with more happiness enclosed between its four walls than many a larger and more beautiful room could contain.

CARRIE K. CONWAY.

O darling room, my heart's delight,
Dear room, the apple of my sight,
With thy two couches soft and white,
There is no room so exquisite,
No little room so warm and bright,
Wherein to read, wherein to write.

—TENNYSON.

That's the Rule.

The sun is rising fair and bright,
My room has grown so very light
I'd like to walk, but here's my fix :
I can't get up till half-past six.
That's the rule.

Hark! hark! the breakfast bell doth ring!
My clothes on me I quickly sling,
And poetry that I greatly hate
I have to learn for being late.
That's the rule.

When through the halls I quickly pass
On the way to or from a class,
In silence I must always walk,
Or else report whene'er I talk.
That's the rule.

"Be quiet for the last roll-call,"
These words upon my ears do fall ;
"Pick up your papers, shut your books,"
Or dread Miss Fitzhugh's angry looks.
That's the rule.

This book is good, I'd like to read it ;
But listen to the rule and heed it :
No novel read on Sunday here,
And others are our work-days drear.
That's the rule.

The room bell rings, I say good-night,
And think that I'll a letter write ;
But light bell rings, the letter'll keep,
And I must quickly go to sleep.
That's the rule.

MARY DUKE.

Singing in D.

SHORTLY after supper one evening, a flying wedge of girls went straight to "D," dragging after it Adele, the Ragtime Queen. The latter was fully aware of her duty and took her seat at the piano, knowing from experience that remonstrances were unavailing. As a matter of course, the lights were turned out, while the seven or eight couples settled down in their favorite nooks. The familiar song of "Forgotten" rose and fell in the dark, thrilling each person who had the tinest vein of sentiment. Suddenly the door softly opened and Mademoiselle entered. Her appearance upon the scene caused no commotion; not a soul moved, though from a remote corner came a whispered, "Have a seat, Mademoiselle," which the visitor accepted with alacrity. Naturally, her eyes wandered around the room, and with the aid of two streams of moonlight coming through the window, she could distinguish the dim outlines of the audience. A young, stately-looking girl was singing "I Love You" with becoming enthusiasm, while beside her was one whose eyes were lifted in mute admiration. Two figures were perched on the window-sill, arm in arm, most affectionately. On a front seat was a head bent low to gaze adoringly into the face of one pillowed in her arms, and from a dark corner came at intervals very suspicious smacks.

"It is strange how music quiets these girls who are generally so boisterous. They are rather sensible to-night. What an exquisite voice that girl has! She must be in a sentimental humor, for she has sung 'Always' twice and is singing 'I Love You' for the third time!"

A slight movement in front drew her attention. Surely, those girls were not kissing—but that telltale smack! What could be the occasion of so much affection? It is uncultured, ill-bred. Her wonder rapidly developed into dismay and something very akin to disgust.

"The Cases! The silly creatures! Let me get out of this atmosphere immediately."

Mademoiselle gathered up her dress and walked out of the room, disapproval in every movement. Through the open door the girls noticed the effective shrug of a vanishing figure, wondering innocently what had displeased the French lady.

JULIA C. YEN.

A VARIATION.

I am tired of this !
Nothing else but loving !
Nothing else but kiss and kiss,
Coo, and turtle-doving !
Can't you change the order some ?
Hate me just a little—come !

RILEY.



Pen and Ink Drawings
50¢ a Set
According to size
J.B. Watkins

Stuffed O's and Sandwiches
Smith & Shiles

Shoes and Socks Polished
Per Pair .25
Bring to 35¢
J.B. Watkins

Strongest Drink
at V.F.I.
Coke
& Beale
Four o'clock
Saturday eve.
Lemonade

DARNED
Cash Only
Only to
Laporty
& Deal

Silver Polished
Bright as the Sun
Help to
Laporty

Stuffed Dates
for sale
by
Blair & Conway
on
Fridays & Saturdays
Products added
Cash Only
Up-to-date Music
and Sentimental Songs
Furnished to Cases
Sets to Start
Socks to Stop
Help to
Laporty

Burnt Wood Frames
Glove Boxes
Plaques etc.
30 Rat Alley

Lenten Signs.

IF OUR debating society ever emerges from its present nebulous condition, we would like one of the questions brought up to be: Why, with the coming of Lent, a time of fasting and self-denial, the house is filled with the odor of candy cooking and the cries of girls hawking their wares?

Upon Ash Wednesday the first sign went up and in a few days the bulletin-board was covered with interesting advertisements of mysterious origin, seeking to obtain a monopoly on certain trades. Everybody stopped to gaze. What is this? "Shoes and Slippers Polished." No matter how low we stoop, our aim is high and noble. Eyes open wider than ever at the next sign: "Stockings Darned." That brave person ought to make a fortune, for darning is the bane of our existence.

Do we not often wonder what will become of us after we leave these gray walls forever? To the maiden who was longing to know what the future might hold and if under the big harvest moon of 1903 she should hear certain interesting things pertaining to her own sweet self, here was the chance to be satisfied, for was there not a witch holding back the veil of the future, and did not the owner of the sign promise to do for her customer likewise?

The most interesting sign of all concerned cases—a very amusing part of our school life. "Up-to-date music and sentimental songs for cases." How many times have our sweet songsters poured forth their love melodies in a dark practice-room, with cases spooning in every corner. This is one time when lights go out promptly. There is just enough moonlight creeping in the window to reveal the silhouettes of two people "imparadiz'd in each other's arms," much to the amusement of the unknown observers.

But probably the signs that appealed to us more than any were those pertaining to things to eat. From them one learned that sandwiches, stuffed eggs, cake and candy of all varieties could be obtained if the starving purchaser had only a last bit of the "root of all evil." Another placard, which at first sight detained all the girls, began most temptingly: "Strongest drink at V. F. I." But when they learned that this was only the pale and harmless lemonade, their interest abated.

From the number of signs, of which we have merely mentioned the most striking, you will probably wonder how there could be any one left to buy. But fortunately, there are some girls who reason that as long as their money ultimately reaches the mite box, it doesn't make much difference whose box it fills. Which ratiocination accounts for some boxes being so empty and others so heavy.

LILLIAN LANIER.

LELIA BLAIR.

An Up-to-Date Catechism.

SCENE. *A small den profusely decorated with kodak pictures, college pennants and bric-a-bracs. NOVELFAD on the floor devouring "Castle Crancycroze." An unsteady knock.*

NOVELFAD "Come in! Well, Interrogation?" *(Still reading.)*

INTERROGATION: "Louise Briscoe in here?"

"No."

"What you say? Eh? Do you know where she is?"

"I have no idea."

"What a cute room you have! It certainly is sweet. What are you reading?" *(A pause.)* I say, what are you reading?"

"A novel."

"What is the name? Is it good? What is it about?" *(Eyes meanwhile wander to the walls.)* May I look around?"

"Help yourself *(aside)*, if you will keep quiet."

"Who is this? Is he your brother?"

"No."

"He certainly is good-looking. This one must be your brother?"

"I really don't know."

"How many brothers and sisters have you?"

"Four."

"How many brothers have you got?"

"Four."

"How many sisters?"

"Four."

"Then you have *eight* brothers and sisters?"

"Didn't I say I have *four*?" *(Pause.)*

"What does C stand for? North Carolina?"

"No, darling; Columbia University."

"Did your brother go there? Are these photographs of your home? *Are they?*"

"No, the Vanderbilt."

"Oh! *(Pause)* When are you going home?"

(*Aside*) "Murderation! might as well talk to her. (*Aloud*) Why, what were you saying?"

"I just asked you when you are going home. Are you ever homesick? Can you speak C——?"

"I shall be home some sweet day."

"How do you like it here? Is it cold where you live?"

"The climate is about the same."

"Does it rain?"

"I don't believe so."

"Of course, you have never seen snow, have you?"

"Loads of it. More than you would like to have sometimes."

"Really? Is it very cold?"

"Look in a geography, and maybe you will find out the exact temperature."

"Are you on the Honor Roll?"

"Yes."

"What do you have to get on your lessons to get on the Honor Roll?"

"A."

"Can you have B?"

"One or two, perhaps."

"Not more than that? I suppose it's awfully hard to get on the Honor Roll?"

"Yes."

"Do you go out by yourselves?"

"Yes."

"It's awfully nice to go out by yourselves, isn't it?"

"Yes. (*Bell ringing*) Run to your practice-room, Interrogation, or you will be late."

"Does a tardy mark keep you off the Honor Roll?"

"Certainly."

"I am going then. Awfully sorry I can't stay longer. You certainly have a cute room. (*Exit. Head reappearing.*) Won't you go walking with me when I get on the Honor Roll?"

"With pleasure. Thank heavens! She is gone."

(*From outside.*) "Remember you are to walk with me when I get on the Honor Roll!"

"All right! Anything to satisfy the child. Eight weeks before she does get on the Honor Roll, if she gets there at all." (*Collapse, mentally and physically.*)

J. C. Y.

Magazine Day.

IT HAS always been the custom when a man of genius dies to mark the occasion by writing something commemorative of his life or his works. We, on the contrary, wish to commemorate the birth of what we at least consider a work of genius by giving an account of the first appearance of *The Inlook* at the V. F. I.

For weeks before, the one question hurled at the harassed editors day and night had been, "How soon is the magazine coming out?" So when one morning a notice was posted on the bulletin-board, announcing, "*The Inlook* has come at last," excitement rose to fever heat, and lessons were half-learned or not learned at all, as every one waited eagerly for the end of school. Just in the midst of the dreaded roll-call, when each poor girl who had spoken in the halls (and there were many sinners that day) was confessing her transgressions, a rolling sound was heard in the hall outside. The Study Hall doors swung open, and, preceded by a small dog yelping furiously, and followed by several beaming editors, there wheeled into sight a long, large, coffin-shaped box.

For a moment the strange procession moved on, without a sound being heard except from the dog, and then a whirlwind of applause broke loose, drowning everything, even the vocal efforts of the canine participator! It is reported that even the governess on duty smiled. Certain it is that rules shrank into insignificance, and amid uproarious delight, the procession reached the platform, the top of the box was wrenched off, and the magazines, arrayed in all the glory of dragon and seal, distributed to the girls, until only a tiny heap remained.

Then for the rest of the time, and even during dinner, a perfect hubbub reigned, as articles were read aloud and discussed, personals and alumnae notes eagerly looked over, and the jokes from the pen of the fudge editor fitted on the several luckless girls. If it were not that dragons are insensible to flattery, the head of our guardian of *The Inlook* would have been quite turned by the enthusiastic praise accorded his treasure.

Surely, we could not have wished for a more auspicious beginning for our magazine, and although it is said that a good beginning makes a bad ending, as we do not expect *The Inlook* ever to have an end, we may enjoy, without any qualms of superstition, its triumphant day of arrival.

CARRIE K. CONWAY.

A Chinese Romance.

SUCH a hot and tiresome day! From nine o'clock this morning Ungming had been sitting in the library with its rows upon rows of bookcases, memorizing some sixty pages of literature and writing a metaphysical essay.

"Finished at last!" he exclaimed, meditatively, as he heaved a long sigh of relief and satisfaction, and for a moment he scanned the neatly-written pages proudly. He laid aside his pen, closed the large, well-worn volume beside him, and walked out of the room. He was only a boy of eighteen or nineteen years, slender and tall, with fine chiseled features, a mouth that was rather weak, and eyes dreamy and languid. His carriage was that of gentle blood, and his rich flowing gown distinctly indicated the child of fortune, nursed in the lap of luxury.

The dusk was gathering rapidly, a cool, refreshing breeze fanned the tree-tops caressingly. As Ungming sauntered along the unfamiliar pathway—for he had been in Hanchow only a week—the feathery bamboo groves, the picturesque hills in the distance with the background of rose-tinted clouds, made no impression on him. His mind was still centered on the task he left a while ago.

"Only three more weeks to prepare myself for the Imperial Examinations. Mr. Yang told me this morning that my essays are more classic in style than those of any of the scholars in this town, that I have made extraordinary improvement since I came under his tutorship. Yet, I have a presentiment that I shall fail. The old gentleman, my father, has set his heart on my getting a degree and will never forgive me—Hark! What do I hear? Music in this wild, forsaken place?"

He paused. He must be dreaming—no, for there came floating toward him the unmistakable strain of the harp, faint like an echo. Ungming followed it instinctively, the music swelling at every step. It was a lullaby familiar to many, and as the young man listened, his memory flew back to his happy childhood when his mother sang that melody to him every night. Accidentally, he looked at his surroundings and noticed that the moon was peeping from behind the hills. A short distance in front stood a grove of cedars, through the thick foliage of which twinkled a few lights; evidently the music came from that mansion. Without regard to the sign, Private Residence, he entered and saw on a side balcony a young girl leaning on the railing. Her face half turned toward the Eastern sky

was like a picture, but full of life and enthusiasm. Suddenly the silence of the night was broken by her voice crisp and melodious. "O, thou Goddess of Mercy, ever chaste and holy, remember my father during these days of riot. Give him the invincible sword of Tru-koh-liang and the mighty shield of Lieu-bai, that he may drive the enemies from our frontiers. To thee, Heavenly Queen, will I offer sacrifices of gratitude on his immediate return."

She struck a chord on her harp and played a brilliant war-song, devotional, bloody, and triumphant. A rustle among the trees called her attention.

"Is that you, brother Tsingta?"

Thus called upon, Ungming had to step out of the shadow to make some explanation.

"This is not your brother, divine nymph, but a stranger who was drawn into this park by your exquisite music. I humbly crave your pardon for intruding."

"Willingly granted. I am only sorry that my brother is busy writing in his library, and can not have the pleasure of receiving you."

Sien-nyok withdrew, and to the infatuated boy the moon seemed to be clouded when she disappeared from the balcony.

"Shall I see her again? Yes, I will wait for her every night until I tell her of my love."

The next day he could not study; he could hardly stay in the house until the sun went down. He had been in love many times, but this was the very "ecstasy of love." He wrote sonnets on "Her Raven Tresses," to the "Rose Bower," to "My Queen," yet none of them could express his deep passion. When evening came he went to Magnolia Park, his heart rising with hope at every step. He would see her and tell her of his passion; but poor boy, she was not there to listen to him. He waited with a lover's patience until the midnight gong clanged noisily—but she did not appear. His pride was piqued by her cold indifference, his heart sank like lead.

The three weeks were terribly dreary and each morning found Ungming in a more dejected state of mind. The evening before his departure for Nankin, he strolled to Magnolia Park as he had done every night.

"I am a fool," he mused, "to spend my evenings under the trees courting solitude and making wild and impossible plans. While I stand under her window night after night, she may be dreaming of another."

His clenched fists and dark expression promised no easy time for his rival, but in an instant his heart beat wildly against its prison walls.

"There she is on the balcony. Oh, this is too much happiness!"

Ungming ran up to her and impetuously poured out his tale of love, his passion as usual carrying away his reason.

"Young stranger, you forget yourself," she gently reminded him, as soon as she could put in a word. "What would the gentle folks of Hanchow say should they hear your rash vows?"

"What care I for their opinion? Only tell me that you love me and this earth will be heaven to me."

"I can not," she cried, "for mercy's sake leave me!"

"Give me at least one last token before you expel me from your presence."

Sien-nyok tremblingly unfastened a scarf from her shoulders, and dropped it lightly into the outstretched hands below. Ungming went away without another word, secretly swearing to win her after he obtained his degree.

What caused the girl to send him off so coldly and mercilessly? There were two elements struggling fiercely in her breast—love and duty. Yes, she loved Ungming with all the ardor of a fresh, innocent heart, but with extraordinary will-power she fought against it, suppressing it only for a season. Sien-nyok knew he was standing under her window every night, but she refused to see him. Was she not promised to another? Her mother on her death-bed had betrothed her to the son of a distant relative—and Sien-nyok never cared enough to inquire the name of her future lord. Some day she would be introduced and her wedding would follow soon after. When she first saw this young stranger, her heart went out to meet his, and for the first time she felt the cruel hands of Fate. She cried as though her heart would break. Her weakness, however, was only temporary, and after her storm of bitterness was blown away she was herself again. She said good-bye to her brother, and gave him such parting instructions and advice as only a younger sister could.

In the days following she resumed her study of the classical poetry, amusing herself in writing poetry. Her tutor was astonished at the depth of feeling and intensity of passion in one so young, never suspecting the painful inspiration of the balcony. Every morning and evening she offered tapers and incense to the patron god of students, praying for the success of Tsingta and perhaps adding a silent one for another.

The city of Nankin was crowded to the utmost with the sudden arrival of six or seven thousand students and as many valets. Ungming discovered a number of his acquaintances, but he retired to his suite with his gloomy views of life. During the examination week, he worked hard over the essays, the subjects of which were so difficult and hardly within his reach that several times he was on

the point of giving up in despair, were it not for the dainty scarf and the vivid image of a proud beauty spurring him on to the bitter end. After the test was over, hundreds of young men left for their homes disgusted with themselves in particular and the world in general, while the more hopeful ones remained in the city. Ungming was persuaded by his friends to stay and join the festivities. Receptions, dinners, theater-parties followed close upon each other, and Ungming was a prominent member. The dreamy, disappointed lover of a week ago blossomed into a leader of society.

Tsingta wrote frequently, and the humorous accounts of his life and droll classification of the students enlivened Sien-nyok very much. In one of the letters he said confidentially: "Congratulate me, sister! I made my degree and am a full-fledged scholar! You never for once imagined your happy-go-lucky boy could reach such a high position, did you? The names of the successful competitors came out yesterday, and I have the honor to be the fifth on the list of four hundred. * * * * *

"The Governor gave us fellows a magnificent dinner last night, and about five hundred guests were present in full court dress. Of course, the first graduate was the guest of honor. He is a fine-looking young man and seems to be a great favorite of the Governor's; in fact, it is rumored that he is engaged to the beautiful daughter of his patron. By the way, I found that the graduate spent a month in Hanchow studying under Mr. Yang.

A few days later he wrote: "I shall be home in a short time, although this life is fascinating. The students are leaving by the hundreds, and the social circles are scandalized by the arrest of the first graduate on the serious charge of forgery. His admirers and friends have cast him to the winds; even the Governor in a great passion broke off the engagement. For my part, I do not believe he could have committed such a crime."

Sien-nyok could read no farther.

"Oh, I must go to him; but what can I do—I who have never ventured out of the house unattended! There is only one plan, and I will carry it out at the risk of my reputation."

While Tsingta was at breakfast one morning his valet interrupted him by the announcement that a young gentleman wished to see him on private business.

"What does he want with me this early in the morning (it was eleven o'clock)? What is his name?"

"He did not send in his card, sir."

"Well, show him into the library. I shall be there presently."

Tsingta finished his meal leisurely and crossed over the hall to his living-room. He bowed to his visitor and was about to speak, when he was struck by the familiar gown and the girlish face.

"Sister, what does this mean?"

"Don't excite yourself, Tsingta, and don't say a word until you hear the whole story."

She was deathly pale and was laboring under a severe nervous strain. Slowly and with difficulty she unfolded her cherished secret, her infatuation for Ungming and her final mad resolve to save him from disgrace. Her daring, her bravery, and her gentle, appealing look called forth the admiration of her brother.

"Rest yourself," he said soothingly, "while I give you a piece of good news. You need not worry yourself about Ungming; he is safe and sound on his way home, a sadder and a wiser man."

"I do not understand you. Is he dead?"

"Sien-nyok, you must never jump at conclusions so rashly. No, he is very much alive."

"Tell me quickly," she almost wailed, "don't torment me!"

"Well, here it goes. The whole thing was a mistake—that is, the arrest was. It seems that some of his devoted friends were so jealous of his popularity that they circulated the rumor of his forgery. The officers of justice jumped on him, handcuffed and threw him into a miserable cell before Ungming knew what they were up to. There he was likely to stay for a month before he could get a hearing. Not one of his companions stirred a finger; they all fled. You know I never believed the story. I saw through the whole scheme; so one day I wrote a note to the Court of Justice, requesting the Judge to look into the matter. The old man investigated at once, and was perfectly furious when he discovered the baseness of the so-called chums. The long and the short of it is that Ungming was acquitted, and I hope he is at home now."

"O Tsingta, my noble brother! How can I ever thank you?"

"By going home with me in your natural costume," he said, as he drew her to him, "although you make a handsome boy in my cast-off clothing."

Three years passed by uneventfully, until one day in spring when there was a great commotion at Magnolia Park. Servants were hurrying from one room to another, sweeping, cleaning, hanging gay-colored draperies over the doors and festooning lanterns among the trees.

"What is the occasion of all this preparation?" asked a casual passer-by.

"The General receives the bridegroom-elect to-night," and the valet hastened away to fasten a stray bunch of flowers before he finished his sentence.

Sien-nyok was just the same girl as when we last saw her, except her beauty was more mature and her girlish hauteur replaced by dignity and composure. For the first time she would see her future husband, yet she was not at all enthusiastic over it. What difference did it make, so long as she could not marry the one she loved? Her silence, her pensive mood, her indifference, were misinterpreted as modesty, maidenly reserve, self-control. She was aroused by the herald of trumpets announcing the arrival of her suitor. Was it curiosity or personal magnetism which induced her to look out of her window? At the same time the bridegroom lifted his eyes and for a moment they rested on the fair one above. Sien-nyok almost fainted when she recognized in him her passionate lover—Ungming!

申江女史顏昭禎祚

My First Christmas.

I was

“ Ist a little bit
O’ weenty-teeniy kid,”

but of all things on earth, I wanted to appear big, and, in my eyes, this was impossible as long as I slept in a crib. “ Des like a baby,” I complained.

I lived with my grandmother, so my father, whose business kept him in a far-away city, wrote me that if before Christmas I would write him a letter all by myself, he would give me “ a wealy truly bed for me to have all by my own self.” I had just started to school that fall and was not at all a brilliant scholar. Besides, I hated writing, and it was only after many tribulations that I learned to pen what went for A, B, C’s.

Christmas came very fast that year, it seemed to me, and, try as I would, I couldn’t manage to make my pencil form the letter I had long ago planned out. Time and time again I scrawled out: “ Dear Papa, I love—” but there my patience and point always gave out and I would tear the paper up in disgust. It was just impossible, so I had to give it up, and on Christmas eve, as I went to bed to dream of Santa Claus and reindeer, I am afraid I gave a very savage kick to the sides of the crib which was to keep me a baby for another year.

Long before daylight I was awake and peering through the dark to try to see my stocking, which I knew was over by the fireplace. Sitting up, I felt for the sides of the crib. To my astonishment, they were gone. Feeling for the head, I found instead of the round bars of the crib, a smooth, strange head which went up as far as I could reach. This was not my Aunt’s bed, for that was a great double thing and the other side of this was quite easy to find. I was so excited I couldn’t stand it another minute.

“ Aunty,” I called, “ Aunty, tum here a minute, twick. Santa Claus have made a bistake and bought me some ozer ittle dirl’s bed. I didn’t wite to papa.”

She was at my side in a minute and laughing, lit the gas, while the other children came trooping in and seized their stockings with war-whoops of delight.

“ Look here, Loulie,” my aunt said, “ here is a notice pinned to the head of the bed.”

She took it down and handed it to me, and I slowly spelled out:

“ This is for the little girl who truly tried.—SANTA CLAUS.”

“ Won’t papa be ’sprised?” I laughed, and then—“ Wadger, will ’oo pease bing me my tocking twick? I wants to open it in my dwone-up bed.”

LOULIE A. SNEAD.

April 13th.

EASTER Monday dawned dark and cloudy, it is true; but who could possibly have guessed that before its close such a tragedy was to be enacted in our very midst? Surely it was no darker or gloomier than scores of other Monday mornings, when sleepy consciences were oppressed with the burden of unlearned lessons. At least, so it seemed to us, as we sat peacefully sewing and reading together on this eventful morning, rejoicing in the thought that to-day, at any rate, we need not think of work. But alas! our joy was soon to be changed into sorrow, for suddenly, the door burst open and one of the girls, white and disheveled, rushed in, crying, "Oh, have you heard the awful news? Every one of the Annual papers has been burned!! The maid by mistake threw them *all* into the fire!" "Burned!" we all shrieked at once—and then when the full dreadfulness of the catastrophe dawned upon us, we sank down in little despairing heaps on the floor, too overcome even to speak.

Bad news travels apace, and it took only a few seconds for this to spread over the entire house, so that a little later, when we wandered sadly down to view such remains of our beloved Annual as had been rescued from the fiery furnace, lamentation and mourning was heard on every side. But there were a few, who though pale and haggard, were still undaunted even by this overwhelming blow. Stimulated and encouraged by these we, too, took heart, and promised each to bring again her mite to build up once more the ruined work. But promise as we might, and dream of future deeds, it *was* sad to think of all the bright ideas, all the sketches, all the poems, all the stories, that had forever vanished into smoke! And that night, when, decked in all our finery and smiles, we gaily danced in the Easter ball, though we seemed so happy and free from care, yet deep down in our hearts, there lurked the thought that up-stairs in the closet stood the skeleton—that tragic little pile of ashes.

LOUISE C. BRISCOE.

Frustra.

WITH APOLOGIES TO MASTER WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Take, oh, take those bits away
That so ruthlessly were burned.
So that maid, with cap so gay,
All our Annual tales has ruined!
But our themes bring back again,
Bring again—
The rubber bands, but bound in vain,
Bound in vain!

ADELAIDE MYER.

April 13th.

THE Easter Holidays had come and gone, and with a prospect of renewed hard work, and a feeling of helpless desperation, several of us poor schoolgirls were waiting for the train to Staunton. "Five days without a mention or thought of the Annual," I mused, bitterly, "and now I shall probably go back to five weeks with nothing else. Well, I'm glad most of the material is in, anyway."

Alas! for my few moments of satisfaction; for at this moment one of our belated friends appeared, waving a postal addressed to me. "Perhaps it's from Miss Duval, saying the holiday has been extended," I cried, hopefully; but what was this that met my eyes?

Dietreseing news! A handful of ashee all that is left of the material for Annual==the blunder of an innocent maid. Come, ready to WORK: if you have ideas and inky tears, prepare to uee them. Fortunately, Miese Duval bought return tickets. Deepair reigned eupreme this morning, and the heavene wept with us.

April 13th.

V. F. I.

For a moment I wildly grasped at the hope that it might be a joke—an April fool—but the date was not April 1st, but April 13th, and the ill-omened figures seemed to grin maliciously.

"What do the rest of you think?" I cried, appealing to the others. But the train dashing in, put an end to all surmises, and still holding the fatal postal, I was hurried on board. All the way over I read it again and again, and it seemed as if the wheels took up the question, rumbling out—"It's true—it isn't—it can't be—it is—burnt to ashes—nothing left—what a pity!" until I was half mad. At last as I entered the Institute I was met by a crowd of girls each eager to be the first to tell the dreadful news, and into my hands was thrust a newspaper, containing a few pitiful ashes, sole remains of the material that was to have immortalized MOSAICS.

CARRIE K. CONWAY.

“Pure Gold.”

MISS LIZA was a lady. As her more plebeian but none the less kindly-disposed neighbors would observe, “You c’d see it stickin’ out all over her.” She had come down in the world by slow degrees, being the very antithesis of what is sometimes known as a “hustler.” At each downward step it would seem she had lost something of the outward marks of gentility, for at the period of which I speak she had not much left except the little white house on two or three acres of land beside the main plain road in an old Eastern Virginia county.

The only other inmate of this piece of property besides Miss Liza herself was her little niece, Mary Lou, whom she had “raised,” and who was as the very apple of her eye. Mary Lou was not remarkable at that stage of her career in any way that I know of, except that she had darker and softer hair than the general run of little girls in that neighborhood, and, unlike her aunt, she grew fast and fair, so much so that visitors always had a pleasant remark to make about her when there was a pause of conversation in the dark little parlor. It was always, “Why, Miss Liza, is that Ma’ Lou? Hain’t she grown!”

Miss Liza did sewing in the neighborhood, but poverty often knocked long and loudly at their door, so that her pathway was not altogether laid in pleasant places. Mary Lou was a jewel, however, and helped in many ways. She picked and sold berries in the summer and sumac in the fall; but the taxes on their home had been steadily falling behind for years, and, in spite of all they could do, the sum due thereon seemed colossal in their eyes and beyond their power to pay.

A close-fisted man had land on three sides of Miss Liza’s, and every time the fence had to be renewed he had it put a little farther on her land, but the only notice she took of it was to say on one occasion that “her land kept on shrinkin’ so that before long she didn’t reckon she’d have any left at all.”

The treasurer had warned her more than once in a friendly way that if the taxes were not paid she would lose the land, and two years before he had told her that the State had bought in her land for taxes due, but that she could get it back if she would pay all the taxes and the interest thereon. And now Miss Liza had

gotten a legal notice from Mr. Hiram L. Grabber that if she did not pay up the whole amount within four months, and five dollars to him as penalty, her place would be sold to him for good and all. The four months were up now, all but two days, and Miss Liza and Mary Lou were in a sea of trouble, each, however, refusing to own to the other that such was the case, and each secretly hoping that something would "turn up" to save them from a final ejection.

It was on a warm day towards the end of April that these events were coming to a crisis. Mary Lou had been working so feverishly all morning to get ahead of her sorrowful thoughts, that she had nothing to do this lovely afternoon when the apple-blossoms had made a pink-and-white carpet around the dear little white house, but to sit on the dusty roadside and think sadly and desperately of the coming hard times. She was playing with two or three pieces of shiny-looking rock, idly passing them from one hand to the other, when a young man came up on a wheel.

"Good afternoon," he said with a pleasant smile to the very blue young lady opposite him. "May I get a drink, please, from your well? I have ridden a long way to-day, and I am almost dead with thirst."

"Oh! yes, cert'nly," Mary Lou listlessly answered, and as the wheelman drank deep of the cool, clear water he eyed the child curiously, finally asking with a show of interest calculated to raise some of the gloom which seemed to have settled down upon her, "What is that you have in your hand? It looks different from other rocks around here, doesn't it? Gee! Where did you find this?" he exclaimed, on examining with a chemist's eye the piece she handed him. "It's Fool's Gold, iron pyrites, and fine quality, too," he continued—didn't know there was any within fifty miles of this."

"Well, that came out of our back lot. There's more, too," she volunteered, with a gleam of hope lighting up her face, and giving an intelligently bright look to the very freckles on her slightly turned-up nose.

Right here was where Miss Liza's and Mary Lou's fortunes began to brighten, for the young man, whose name, as Mary Lou afterwards learned, was John Romain, was endowed with a friendly interest in his fellow-creatures, and especially wanted to help this woe-begone little girl who had attracted him from the first.

So Miss Liza was summoned, and the three visited the back lot together. A deposit of pyrites was discovered, and not one of them was more delighted than kind-hearted John Romain, to whom the proprietors poured forth their troubles, and who insisted on lending them the money to redeem the land. Miss Liza hadn't strength left to protest—joy had so taken possession of her—and as for

Mary Lou, words could not express the difference between her aspect and that of the dismal young person of an hour before. It was a race to get a certified check to the Court-House in time, but John Romain never let the grass grow under his feet, and usually succeeded in whatever he undertook, as in the present instance.

It was not nearly so dreadful to give up the little place when they knew that, if not a fortune, they would receive a full sufficiency for all their possible wants in return. So the land was resurveyed, fences put back on the old line to the discomfiture of the encroaching neighbor, and on the proceeds of the sale of the place to a mining syndicate, Miss Liza was made comfortable for life, while Mary Lou was sent off to school—to the V. F. I. in Staunton, of course. Five happy years were passed there by her, and when, in her nineteenth year, June came, John Romain brought Miss Liza, proud and happy, to see her graduate with honors.

Although he had watched her develop in mind and heart and in beauty of face and character during the years he had looked after her aunt's and her interests and welfare as a sort of guardian, he could hardly believe that the beautiful and accomplished girl whom he saw advance to receive her honors from the courtly member of the Board of Trustees who bestowed them was the same person as the little girl in a sunbonnet that he had seen sitting beside the road on that April day five years before, when he asked for a drink of water.

He told her, after it was all over, and she had sweetly and shyly said "yes" to another and much more important request that he had made of her, that he did not dream, when he invested his money in "Fool's Gold," that he was making the best investment of his life—one that would bring him pure gold, in the shape of the sweetest wife in the world.

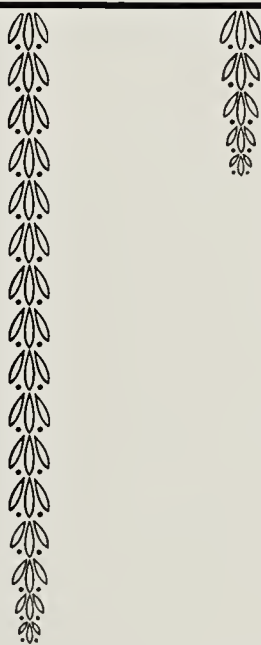
LOUISE S. FONTAINE.

Calendar.

September 18	School opened.
September 26	Mr. Webb's Organ Recital at Trinity Church.
October 3	Lecture and Vocal Recital by Mrs. Rockwood.
October 24	Music and Elocution Recital by Pupils.
October 31	Hallowe'en Ball.
November 7	Lecture on "The Sad Singers of the South" by Dr. Kent.
November 21	Music and Elocution Recital by Pupils.
November 27	Thanksgiving. Miss Hester's Farewell Plays.
December 5	Opening Dance of German Club.
December 6	Christmas Bazaar.
December 12	Lecture on Poe by Dr. Kent.
December 18	School Suspended for Christmas Holidays.
January 3	School Resumed.
January 9	Lecture and Recital by Mr. E. B. Perry.
January 19-30	Examinations and <i>Grip</i> .
February 6	Music and Elocution Recital by Pupils.
February 14	Valentine Party.
February 20	Lecture and Recital by Mr. W. W. Lauder.
March 6	Magazine Day.
March 13	Lecture on Shakespeare by Dr. Kent.
March 20	Music and Elocution Recital by Pupils.
April 3	Gym Recital.
April 9	School Suspended for Easter Holidays.
April 13	Burning of Annual. Tally-ho Party.
April 14	School Resumed.
April 17	Lecture on "In Memoriam" by Dr. Kent.
April 24	Music and Elocution Recital by Pupils.
April 25	"A Shakespearian Conference" and Other Plays.
May 1	Lecture on "Idylls of the King" by Mr. W. Reade.
May 8	Graduates' Recitals.
May 12	Examinations Begin.
May 15	Miss Broadwell's Recital.
May 21-22	Organ Recital at Trinity Church by Mr. Webb.
May 29	Senior Class Day.
June 1	Art Exhibition.
June 2	Commencement Day.



Clubs and Societies



The Missionary Society.

FOR seventeen years our Missionary Society has proved its worthiness as an organization, and each year it is our pride to note the gain in the number of gifts over those of last year. Unusual interest and generosity was shown at our December Bazaar this year, not only by the girls of the school, but by many of our outside friends, and we were enabled to realize a large sum for our annual gift to Brazil. We also send as much as possible to China every year, support scholarships in Japan and Africa, and each year at Easter send a box of clothing to some hospital or needy parish—the result of our handiwork during the Lenten season. Of course, in a large school like this there is a great deal of cast-off clothing, and our Ways and Means Committee collects these garments for distribution among the poor of Staunton.

A large majority of the girls is enrolled in the membership of the society and there are always many hands and hearts ready to help in maintaining our standard, remembering the words of our Great Missionary, that “it is more blessed to give than to receive.”

MILDRED M. WOODWARD.

Officers of the Missionary Society.

First Term.

MISS FITZHUGH	<i>President</i>
MISS GOODWIN	<i>Vice-President</i>
MARGARET C. MOORE	<i>Treasurer</i>
CARRIE K. CONWAY	<i>Secretary</i>

Second Term.

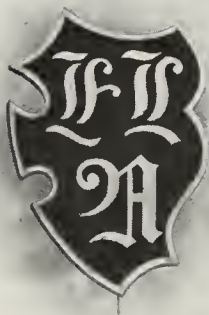
MILDRED M. WOODWARD	<i>President</i>
NAN M. FREEMAN	<i>Vice-President</i>
MARGARET C. MOORE	<i>Treasurer</i>
CARRIE K. CONWAY	<i>Secretary</i>

The Altar Guild.

WITH the remodeling of Emmanuel Church a great pleasure and privilege has been given to the Institute girls in the founding of an Altar Guild. Each year four girls are to be selected to form the Guild, and it is their duty to go every Sunday morning to prepare the chancel for service, and to fill the altar vases with flowers given by the girls. The girls chosen for membership this year are:

LOUISE BRISCOE
NAN FREEMAN
MARGARET MOORE
ELSIE WELLFORD

M. M. W.



E. L. A.

Officers.

NAN FREEMAN	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	<i>President</i>
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JULIA YEN	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Librarian</i>

Members.

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ELSIE WELLFORD	LILLIAN LANIER
KATHARINE WHEELOCK	VIRGINIA LEE
LOUISE BRISCOE	LELIA BLAIR
MARGARET MOORE	CECELIA BRATTAN
MILDRED WOODWARD	ISABEL HOWARD
ELISE WILSON	



THE E. L. A. SOCIETY.



Members.

LILLIAN LANIER

CARRIE CONWAY

KATHARINE WHEELOCK

LELIA BLAIR

NAN FREEMAN

CARTER WARREN

LOUISE JONES

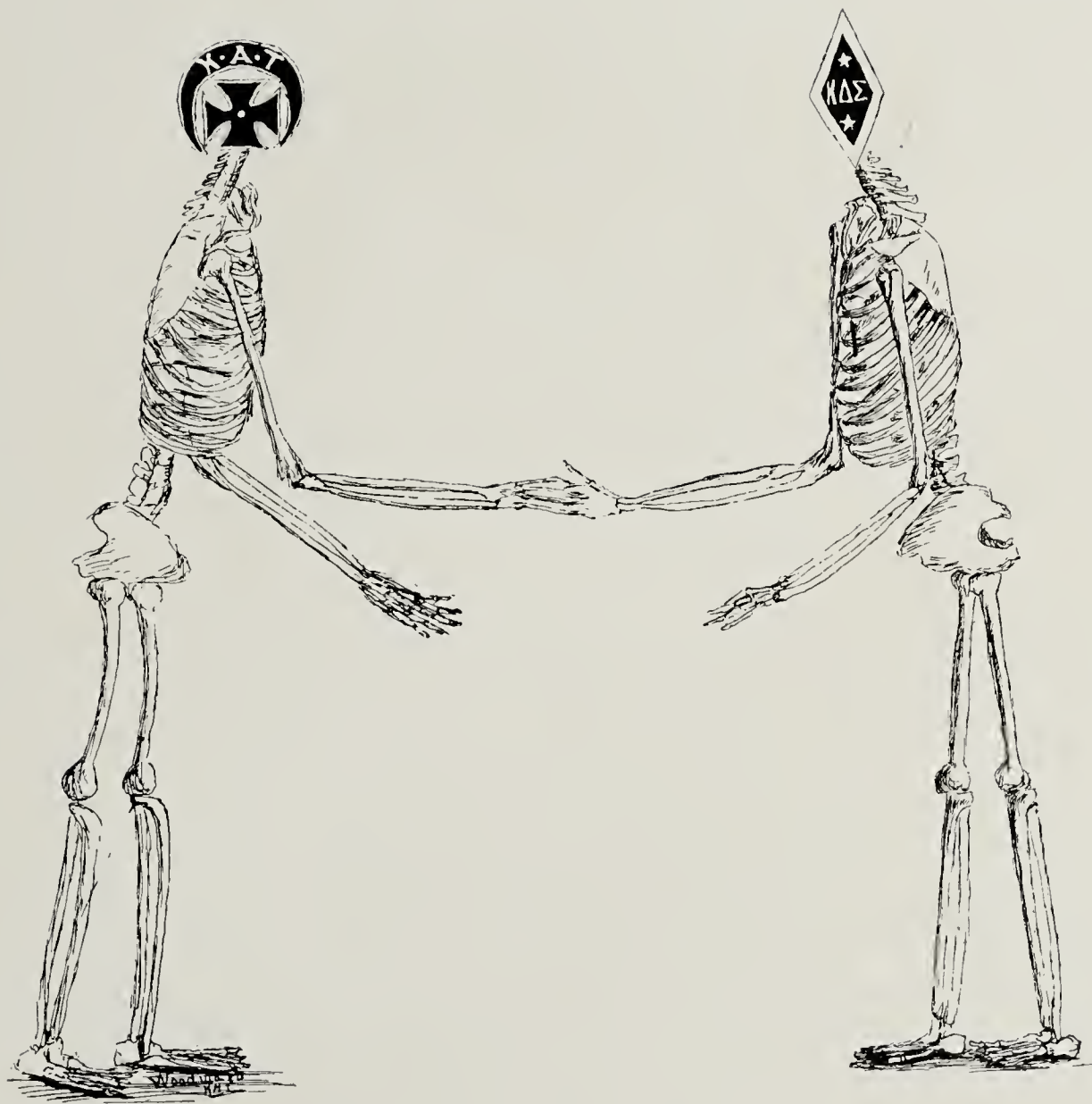
MILDRED WOODWARD

MARIE THORN

LOULIE SNEAD

JEAN WALKER

SUZANNE ADAMS





Kappa Alpha Tau.

Honorary Member.

MRS. BENJAMIN RIGGS

Members.

KATHERINE GRESHAM

MARIAN JOHNSON

VIRGINIA LEE

EVELYN TALBOTT

ANNA ALVEY

ISABEL HOWARD

ELOISE JORDAN

FRANCES PAGE

MILDRED WOODWARD

LOUISE HOFFMAN

LOUISE JONES

MARGARET MOORE

CARTER WARREN



KAPPA DELTA SIGMA.



CAROLINE HOY President

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ANNA ALVEY		S. ADAMS
LELIA BLAIR	M. DOBSON	MARY STEWART BUFORD
N. FREEMAN		CARRIE CONWAY
A. GOLDSBOROUGH	BLANCHE FALLON	I. GRESHAM
MARIAN JOHNSON		L. JONES
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K. NEWBILL	JEAN WALKER	K. WHEELOCK
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Time of Meeting:
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Forget-me-not.

Song:
In the Gloaming

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In Facultate.

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Mrs. Roneky Snort	CARTER WARREN		<i>President</i>
Mrs. Billbooze	KITT NEWBILL		<i>Vice-President</i>
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LELIA BLAIR	Idle Eater
CARRIE CONWAY	Ways and Means Committee



Nifty Seven.

CHRISTINE EVELYN

CARTER MAGRUDER WARREN

FRANCES PEYTON PAGE

KATHERINE TRIPPE NEWBILL

MARGARET CABELL MOORE

NAN McMASTER FREEMAN

MARIE LOUISE JONES

WAILES TALBOTT



Phi Phi.

KATHARINE WHEELOCK

BLANCHE FALLON

MITTIE DOBSON

ELSIE WILSON

ADÉLE HAGER

SUSAN ADAMS

Basket-ball.



The Hawks.

HELEN MATHEWS *Captain*

Alice DuBose

KATHARINE WHEELLOCK

ANNA GOLDSBOROUGH

MITTIE DOBSON

CECELIA BRATTAN

EVELYN TALBOTT

KIT NEWBILL

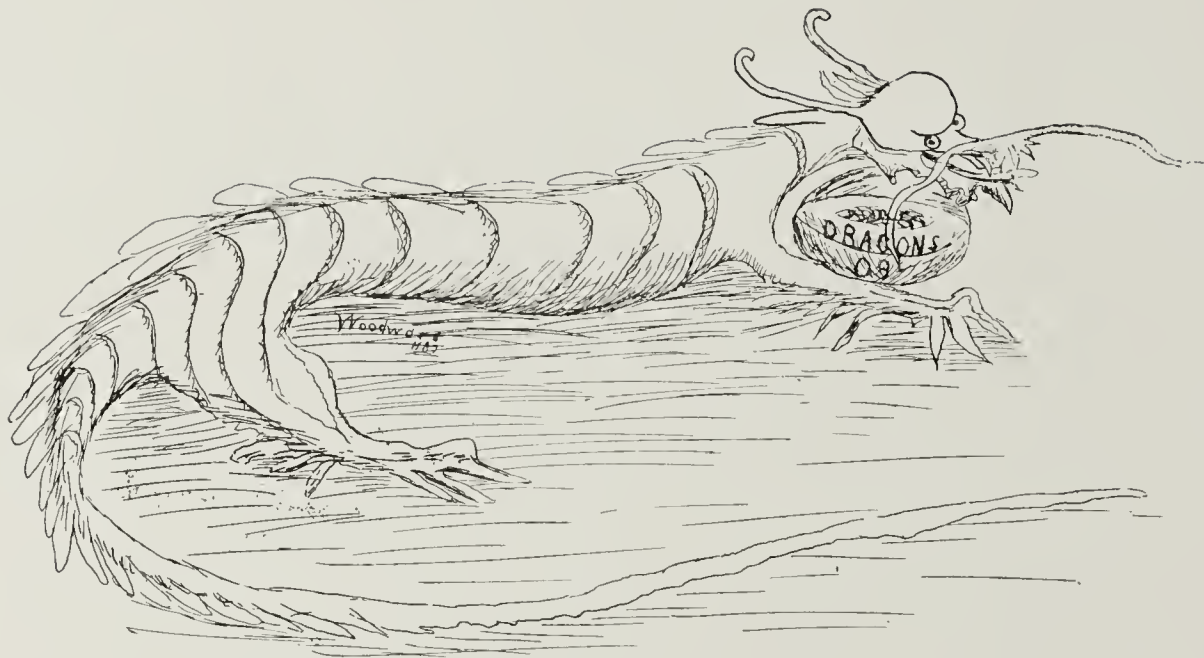
ALICE SMITH

FRANCES PAGE

NAN FREEMAN *Umpire*



HAWKS.



The Dragons.

BELLE HOWARD *Captain*

VIRGINIA LEE

LELIA BLAIR

MILDRED WOODWARD

REBA BEALE

SUSAN ADAMS

CARRIE CONWAY

ELISE WILSON

FRANCES MAYER

KATHARINE GRESHAM

MARGARET MOORE *Umpire*



DRAGONS.



Tennis Club.

MITTIE DOBSON

LELIA BLAIR

ROSA WOOLFOLK

ELIZABETH ROSS

REBA BEALE

MARIAN JOHNSON

MILDRED WOODWARD

ANNA GOLDSBOROUGH

JEAN WALKER

JOSEPHINE BEALE

CECELIA BRATTAN

BELLE HOWARD

BLANCHE FALLON

ANNA AVELY

A Fairy Tale.

“S TAUNTON!” cried the conductor, and as the train pulled into the station, I looked eagerly out, expecting for the moment to see Mr. Minor or Mr. Webb waiting to take me up to the Institute. A sudden sense of loss came over me with the knowledge that now I was no longer a schoolgirl, but merely an outsider come to see Commencement. I felt that I would give anything to be one of a crowd of girls again, and walk up to school in that formerly detested column. Now as I went up the streets alone I wondered if the Institute had changed much since that day, almost three years ago, when we four, the Seniors of Nineteen-three, had left the school with somewhat of the idea it could not get on without us.

Suddenly I gave a joyful exclamation, for there before me stood the dear old V. F. I., its white pillars looking very familiar. But what building was that standing on the court where once we had played basket-ball? And there again, further up the hill towered two more imposing-looking structures. “What could it all mean?” I puzzled, as I hurried up the steps; but then I again stopped short, for the terraces, “Fairyland,” and the hill were crowded with people, and here and there were streamers of red and black. Suddenly among the sea of strange faces I caught sight of a familiar one. In a second I had seized her.

“O Susie, don’t you remember me?”

“Why, it can’t be—yes, it is—Carrie! When did you come?”

“Never mind that,” I cried, “tell me what all these people are here for.”

“Oh,” said Susie, in a tone that recalled to my mind a certain phrase about ‘the monumental conceit’ of Seniors, “to-day is the Seniors’ Class Day.”

“The Seniors,” I echoed. Some how I had always thought of the graduates of Nineteen-three as being *the* Seniors.

“Why, of course, the Seniors of Nineteen-six. The most glorious class that the V. F. I. has ever known!”

“Oh,” I said, feebly, feeling decidedly a back number, and hastening to change the subject, “What are all those buildings doing here?”

“Why,” said Susie, “haven’t you heard of them? You are behind the times. The first one there, Duval Hall, has our new infirmary, studio, and gymnasium,

with natatorium and skating pond, and in that one farther on, the Carnegie Memorial Building, are the Fraternity Halls, Sigma and Tau Beta Debating Rooms, stage for the Dramatic Club, and—”

“But, Susie,” I protested, “why have the Sigmas and Tau Betas got debating rooms? Did they ever get beyond attempted rehearsals of Henry V?”

“Well, rather. They have a literary entertainment and debate each month, and Miss Duval lets even the University men come over to hear them.”

After this astonishing piece of news, I let Susie go on uninterrupted.

“The building there beyond all the others has been erected to the memory of the first Senior Class, and is the publishing house for MOSAICS and *The Inlook*. You’ll probably find some of your classmates. They spend their time there.”

Waiting for no more, I fled up the hill, to reach some one who belonged to those old days. Past the new buildings which seemed to look coldly down on me, and along a winding path, I went on until I reached the lofty Senior House, and “Well,” I thought, “even if there have been other Senior Classes, they haven’t forgotten us.” As I passed into the hall, a large door on the right with “Library” on it, attracted my attention. I went into a room, lined on all sides with tiers of books, and there, in a Morris chair, and buried under heaps of annuals and magazines, I found Loulie.

“You see,” she exclaimed, after the first greetings were over, “the Senior House has just been finished, so that next fall’s issue of *The Inlook* will be the first thing published here. We Seniors of Nineteen-three are to take control and direct the classes as they come along. But let’s go find the others. Where do you suppose Louise is? In the Poet’s Corner.”

“O Loulie!” I gasped, “you haven’t a Poet’s Corner?”

“Indeed, we have. We thought if we got the corner, we might have some poets. And it’s had an effect already. Louise is now writing that poem we could never get her to do.”

Sure enough in a dimly-lighted room, filled with busts and pictures of the great poets, we unearthed Louise, who reluctantly left her dreams to come with us. From the Poet’s Corner we went to the Editors’ Den, and there we found the great Historian in the throes of composition.

“But, Sallie,” I remonstrated, after an exciting period, during which we all talked at once, “what are you writing on? The Magazine and Annual are both out, aren’t they?”

“Yes, but Miss Gammon said I might as well start on the issues for next year. By the way, she said she had a nice idea for you which she would give you when you came.”

"What, after three years! Let's run!" I cried; and so after a brief glance through the other rooms we hurried to the Carnegie Memorial.

In it every class, club, and fraternity was represented, and my amazement grew as we went from one room to another, until we reached the literary society halls. As the patron saint of the Chapters smiled down on me from the walls, I realized that the Sigmas and Tau Betas had indeed arisen from their oblivion. Now they were quite equal to representing even Shakespeare's plays.

At the very end of this building was a room, which the Historian informed me was the Institute Museum. "What will they have next?" I wondered, as I looked about. Among other odd things I noticed the famed ashes of the first material of the Annual of Nineteen-three, carefully preserved under a glass case, and near-by was a large iron bell.

"Isn't that the Governess's bell, Louise? Have they got a new one?"

"No, but you see we have electric bells in all the buildings now, so we keep this as a curiosity."

By this time I was past surprise, so I meekly followed on to the next building, Duval Hall. Just as we reached it, a sudden cry told us that the Class-Day exercises were commencing, and we hurried down to the terrace just in time to hear the people give three cheers for the Seniors of Nineteen-six.

CARRIE K. CONWAY.



Good-Byes from Seniors.

Good-Bye.

IN THE deepening shadows of the twilight, as we stand once again 'neath those dear walls to which fond memory must ever cling, softly, sweetly, to us comes the music of the Vesper Bells ringing their last farewell to the swiftly fading day, as it passes silently to join that "eternal landscape of the past" beyond recall. How pitilessly, dear classmates, does the waning of the evening recall to us how soon must end forever the happy day of our school life, how soon we must part from one another, how soon bid farewell to that kindest, truest of all friends, our Alma Mater! Fondly we cling to these last moments, vainly pleading that they might last alway, fearing to do without those tender hands that for so long have guided our wavering footsteps along the path of right. All seems so dark and strange beyond this happy home of sweet fellowship and peace. But look! High above the gathering clouds of sunset, do you not see that one gleaming star, that seems to tell us that another brighter, happier day is yet to dawn? And so, through the dim uncertainty of the future, shines there not before us the clear radiance of that pure ideal, that we have learned to love, that holy light of heavenly truth that we till now have sought together? And is it not for us a light unchanged, unchanging? Bearing ever in our heart of hearts this blessed hope, let us then take courage, and ere we sever these tender ties of happy girlhood, let us register the one last vow before high Heaven that we can not, will not forget!

LOUISE C. BRISCOE.

Good-Bye.

IN THE old days before a knight went forth into the world he spent one night alone in prayer and meditation. When he was on the eve of departure, when the morrow would bring him the load of honor and responsibility of which he knew so little and for which he longed so ardently yet so indefinitely, he was given one night of lonely watching. And there, alone in the sacred cloisters where so often he had prayed, the young knight thought out in his vigil the meaning of his trial, the true solemnity of his departure. His mind wandered back over the years he had spent in thoughtless energy, he saw more clearly the value of the lessons he had learned, he felt the dearness of each well known place he was leaving. Perhaps he thought again of the future and the wonders that it held for him, and his heart was full of passionate regret for all that he was to leave, yet of a solemn joy at the greater trials which were now to prove his worthiness.

And so it is with me, dear Alma Mater. Before the day comes when I must leave this dear old life behind me, before my path begins to lie alone, I would stop one moment in quiet to say a last good-bye. Let me look once more over thy life so full of earnestness and sunshine which has been to me my little world, my all. Let me recall once more the lessons thou hast taught me of hope and confidence and trust. Let me hear once more thy message of true courage, thy last token of good-will and blessing. The time of parting is almost here, the labyrinth of the world is opening, and soon perhaps I shall be lost to sight amid its maze; but I shall carry in my heart thy teaching, and thy lessons surely I can not forget. Then once more ere I leave thy life behind me, once more, dear Alma Mater, fare thee well.

LOULIE A. SNEAD.

L'ENVOI.

Go, litel book, go litel myn tregedie.

* * * *

*So preye I god that noon miswryte thee,
Ne thee mismeire for defaute of tonge,
And red wher-so thȝu be, or elles songe,
That thou be understonde I god beseche!*

—CHAUCER.

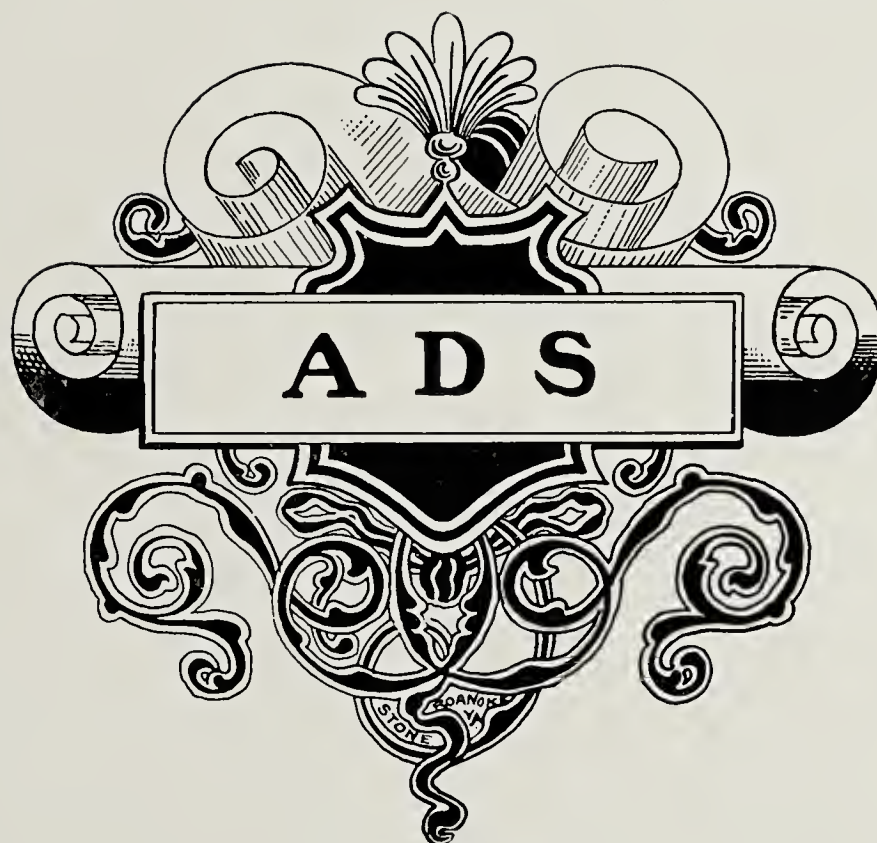
Proposition.

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2. She must be in every way worthy, earnest, and upright.
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4. She shall bind herself to return such part of this fund as the society shall see fit to require, upon her ability to do so in after-life ; this sum to be re-expended by the Institute in similar scholarships, so that the society may widen its influence for good and its benefactions.
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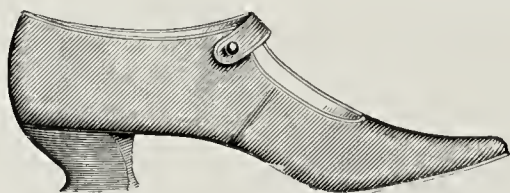
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